

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1597.

London, February 3, 1932

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TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }

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*The Season at the Palace is very sharply defined. It begins on Jan. 1st and ends on Dec. 31st., and is therefore now well under way. Terms include golf, tennis, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, gymnasium, dancing, cinema.*

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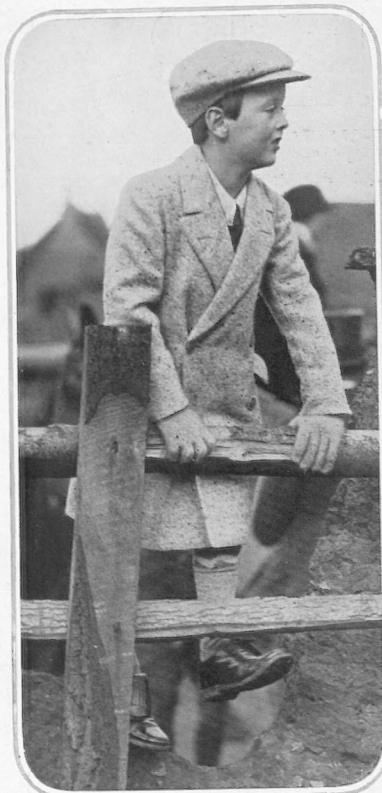
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Gene Kornman

## "JUNE," WHO MAY BE HERE BEFORE JUNE

It is comforting news to learn that a formerly popular British star is now recovering from a recent illness, and that we shall have her back from America even before that first summer month which brings the rose. "June" made her stage début as a child actress as a sea-nymph in "The Goldfish" at the Playhouse in 1910, when she was only nine, and this was followed immediately by an appearance under the ever-to-be-lamented Anna Pavlova in the "Snowflakes" ballet at the Palace, and after that so many more steps up the ladder that it would demand a volume to recount them.



A COTTESMORE PATRON: THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND

A pleasing picture collected on the day the Cottesmore met at Langham. The Earl of Sunderland was born in 1926 and is a son of the Marquess of Blandford and a grandson of the Duke of Marlborough

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**M**Y DEAR,—How lucky it is that the Census people chose some other time for those searching questions of theirs (just how awkward those questions can be only the less discreet among us can realise); but a census now would disclose the fact that a large proportion of the population of Brighter London is missing. It is, in fact, being borne on several ocean cruisers to the warmth and sunshine of the West Indies, with glimpses of Palm Beach and the Panama Canal thrown in as part of the itinerary. Incidentally, too, this wholesale exodus is, I hear, causing quite a deal of heart-burning. On the one hand a devastating number of "ex-s" are having to confront each other on the same ship, while on the other hand some loving hearts have to go on beating with "the seas between."

But they, after all, are only a minority among the big majority who are sailing with contented minds, and with the idea of getting the best they can out of their seven weeks' trip. Among them Lady Somerleyton, who is one of the most energetic women in the world and quite the most efficient

## The Letters of Eve



MR. AND MRS. GLYN BYAM SHAW (ANGELA BADDELEY) AND THEIR CHILDREN, GEORGE AND JANE

Mr. Byam Shaw is a son of the famous sculptor and artist, Byam Shaw. Mrs. Glyn Byam Shaw is a sister of another clever young actress, Miss Hermione Baddeley (the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant). Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Byam Shaw are just back from a South African tour



THE HON. ANNE LEWIS. M.F.H.

Who has been Joint Master with her father, Lord Merthyr of the South Pembrokeshire since 1929. This pack was owned and hunted by Mr. Seymour Allen for a long time, since 1893, and he was succeeded by his nephew, Captain Hugh Allen

traveller. She has taken her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Crossley. Then, too, there are the Cavans and the Burnhams and Mrs. Alwyne Greville and Lady Stanley, who, almost at the last moment, found pretty Mrs. Loel Guinness to go with her. And, to cut short the long list, Lady Coke and the Edgar Brasseys, and Baroness de Belabre and her attractive daughter, Yolande, who, at the end of the cruise, will have the excitement of moving into their brand-new house in Chelsea. So much for the trippers who will be moving from place to place. Meanwhile the more static gaiety of Nassau will be heightened shortly by the arrival of Mrs. Charles Cartright, who is going to stay with the Williams Taylors. She left her house in Curzon Street a few weeks ago and is staying in New York until her attractive daughter, Miss Cynthia Pratt, is married there on the 16th.

I have just had a letter from St. Moritz, and the patriotic ones who have "missed their Swiss" will be comforted to hear that there is very little snow, and that what there is has been stamped into frozen pancakes which are highly indigestible for beginners. So the roasting sun is no consolation, and though the *blisks*



remain superlative, the pot-pourri of nations has lost something of its savour by the absence of so many of its English ingredients. However, the Cunningham-Reids are there, and she looks just as radiant as when they were there together during their not very secret engagement six years ago. And so is her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, who sports the best curly fur jacket yet seen in the Engadine.

The Duchess of Alba, who is known more familiarly as "Toto," drives herself about furiously in a black two-seater, cars being decidedly on the increase and thus adding to the practical amenities of St. Moritz however much they may detract from its more picturesque aspect.

She is the life and soul of the Palace bar which is otherwise far less Spanish since the *coup d'état*, and her small six-year-old skates tirelessly in the hope of emulating the graceful pirouettings of such experts as Princess George Imeretinsky and Mrs. Maxwell. Van Dongen, who manages to dine with a different "lovely" every night, is another celebrity very much on the spot. He wants to paint Stella Chaliapine, who is a very attractive young creature with green eyes and a wide brow like her celebrated parent's.

Another person whom we shall not see over here again for some months is Lady Erskine, the wife of our Ambassador out in Warsaw, and a sister of Lady Godfrey-Faussett, who enjoys the unique distinction of living in a country house in the middle of Hyde Park. Lady Erskine has been over here for some weeks with her two girls, Romola and Peggy, who are both fair-haired and very pretty. They left last Thursday and are staying for a few days with the Rumbolds in Berlin on their way back to Poland, where they will remain until May when the younger girl Peggy is to be presented at the first Court. A less conventional departure from these shores was Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones's. Though his final objective is as far afield as Uganda, he actually left England without a hat. He is journeying *viâ* Sicily and Egypt, and as his all round Europe trip inspired a most entertaining account of experiences, perhaps another good travel book will be the result of this one.

Meanwhile those of us who are left behind have been filling

our days and improving our minds by worshipping, or pretending to worship, at the feet of the Muses. Concert has followed concert—we have the incomparable Berlin Philharmonic with Dr. Furchwangler for three days this week, and I shall be able to say a word or two about them in my next letter. And French exhibition has succeeded French exhibition since the doors of Burlington House were first opened. Among the latest are the loan collection of paintings since Cezanne, which are to be found at Curtis Moffat's gallery in his quite lovely house in Fitzroy Square. And then there is the exhibition which opens at the Fine Art Gallery to-day. The French Ambassador has been having a busy time with all these openings.



Howard Barrett

#### A LUNCH-PARTY GROUP AT THE ABEL SMITH-WREY WEDDING

The wedding of Mr. Jocelyn Abel Smith, the elder son of Colonel Bertram Abel Smith, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., A.D.C., and of the late Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, and Miss Diana Joan Wrey, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Castell Wrey of Oxton, Nottinghamshire, took place at St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, Oxton, on the 27th. Included in this group are Mrs. Jocelyn Abel Smith (the bride), Mrs. Wrey, Mr. Castell Wrey, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Bryant, Miss Dene, Mr. Christopher Wrey, Mrs. Wells, Mr. Wells, Colonel Dene, Mrs. Dene, Mr. John Dene, Mr. Peter Wiggin, and Mr. Dick Wrey.

However, we have not been compelled to give all our allegiance to art and music. The "Buy British" movement, which has caused so many of us to forswear foreign suns and foreign skies, has meant far more liveliness than usual at this time of the year in the shape of weddings and parties. Two rather special weddings we had last week. The Lacon-Ropner one, and the Lascelles-Manners one the day before. Mr. Robert Ropner is the baby brother of Colonel Leonard Ropner, the M.P., and the bride is a step-sister of Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who lent Warwick House for the reception. It was a very gay and bright affair, for the happy couple are obviously very much in love with each other and they seemed to shed their happiness over all their guests. It was very much a Harmsworth affair, too, for Lord Rothermere, as god-father, provided the *pièce de résistance* in the way of presents with a beautiful rope of pearls. And young Vere Harmsworth proved himself the perfect page in his scarlet velvet coat and white satin trousers.



AT GATWICK: MR. QUINTIN GILBEY, MISS ROSEMARY BINGHAM, AND MR. JOHN MASON

Three people most of us who go racing meet quite often. Mr. Quintin Gilbey is an owner and his registered colours are black, turquoise sleeves. Miss Rosemary Bingham is a daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand by her first marriage to the late Mr. David Bingham, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action. He was a kinsman of the Earl of Lucan

Captain Lascelles and Miss Betty Manners were another very obviously devoted couple. Their wedding was a much bigger affair. And what a lovely affair! "Doesn't she look beautiful?" or "How sweet she looks!" are the remarks one hears about every bride, and made either rapturously or hypocritically as the case may be. But Miss Manners really deserved all the raptures. She looked lovely, and she had the dignity which

(Continued overleaf)  
a 2



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

suggested that she knew what she was doing and what was expected of her. In her gold lamé dress with its long train she seemed to be literally flowing up the aisle of the Guards' Chapel,



IN BOND STREET: MRS. FRANK S. PERSHOUSE AND LADY DAVISON

Outside one of London's best known lunch, dine, and dance clubs. Lady Davison is the wife of the Member for Kensington South, Sir William Davison, K.B.E. Lady Davison was Miss Constance Marriott, and is a daughter of the late Major Charles Marriott, 6th Dragoon Guards

was particularly impressed by the two dozen bottles of port duly set out among the more ornamental gifts. Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, on whose staff he was in South Africa, came up from their country house for the wedding, and with them were Lady May Abel Smith and Lady Cambridge, who with their respective husbands had been staying at Brantbridge for the week-end. Various decorative members of the Manners family were among the bride's supporters. The Duchess of Rutland, with a very becoming little eye veil and her two girls, Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel, who I can promise you will create a real stir when they emerge from the school-room. And Lady Diana Cooper. Looking as she did, with a small gold quill peering over the edge of her hat, no one could withstand her even when she short-circuited a queue of congratulators by going against the traffic and getting in out of her turn.

I envied the vitality of a great many of the Meltonites who were there. True, they were all complaining of exhaustion, but some really marvellous days with the Quorn and Cottesmore and two very good dances seemed to have affected them not at all. For Lady Londonderry's small dance on the previous Friday was the greatest fun. Lord and Lady Blandford and Mrs. Allfrey and the Victor Warrenders all brought parties, and the Duke of Gloucester was in great form. The most sought-after young lady was little Lady May Stewart, who was allowed down as a special treat. She has all her mother's looks and charm.

And economically-minded as Melton has been apt to be this season, there was no lack of support for the British Legion dance for which Mrs. Ambrose Clarke lent Staveley Lodge. Dance is hardly the right word, for there simply wasn't room to put one's feet. Luckily there were plenty of counter attractions. A dazzling array of beauties for one thing, with "Miss England" among them. I believe Mr. Harry Cottrill was responsible for

whose mosaic walls made such a good background for her and her following of tiny bridesmaids. There seems to be no under age limit for bridesmaids and on the strength of two real rehearsals there was no hitch, and the small people did nothing to destroy our belief that they really were cherubs sent down from Heaven to grace the proceedings.

The bridegroom was better supported than most men are on such occasions, and some of his presents showed that his friends have both sense and humour. I

getting that one down. A splendid notion. Others included Miss Diana Fellowes in a blue dress with a delicious little scarlet jacket; Lady Enid Turnor; Lady Milford Haven, who had come over with her husband from Thorpe Lubenham, and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, who is one of the most attractive and charming of the younger married women down that way. And there was great competition to buy the Shetland ponies and the Peke put up for auction. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham bought the ponies, and Mrs. Alistair King won the dress which Lady Furness raffled. I believe that only once before had she ever had that sort of luck, and as the prize then was a cricket bat, she did not feel any great enthusiasm about it.

Another good party was collected by Lord Castlerosse for the opening night of the entertainers, Sullivan and Glover, at Grosvenor House. His table took up the whole of one side of the room. Miss Hilary Charles was very much admired. She is so dark and slim and lovely. But we all gave the prize for the best back to Lady Castlerosse. There seemed to be a lot of short capes about. Lady Alistair Innes Ker looked well in her black velvet one, and I loved Mrs. Euan Wallace's fur-trimmed gold scarf. And how lovely Mrs. Richard Norton looked in her high-waisted dress with its Kate Greenaway sash. Emerald Lady Cunard seemed younger and gayer than ever, and Lady Diana Cooper's lovely melancholy was an effective contrast.

We have had a good many distinguished invalids to condole with, though I am happy to say that most of them are "progressing favourably." Lord Inchcape, for instance, has been able to walk slowly round his room. This is the first time he has ever had to have a nurse, except as a small boy, in all his seventy-nine years. And Lady Mount Temple must find convalescence not too wearisome in Gayfere House II, where her *dernier cri* in modern bed-rooms includes a glass bed. Her doctors are delighted, I am told, with the hygienic absence of both carpets and curtains. That very popular person, Colonel Geoffrey Glyn, has also been on the sick list, and all his friends hope that the rest he is now ordered will soon put him right again.

And Lady Eyres-Moncell is another invalid, which has meant a delay in her moving with the First Lord from Belgrave Square into Admiralty House.

But let me end up on a happier theme and hand out congratulations on the double engagement in the Clarendon family—to Lord Hyde, who is going to marry Miss Marion Glyn, and his sister, Lady Joan Villiers, whose long friendship with the good-looking cricketer, George Newman, has reached such a happy climax.—Ever yours, EVE.



WITH THE BELVOIR AT GARTHORPE: MRS. J. T. WIGAN AND COLONEL TEDDIE JENKINS  
Colonel Teddie Jenkins, in spite of the bad accident to that right leg, still goes very well in Leicestershire. In his younger days, when he was in the Rifle Brigade, he was quite first-class over a country, and used to punch along (in India) very hard on a horse called Half Pay amongst many others. He is the father of Lady Brecknock



## A 2 A.M. COCKTAIL PARTY



ONE OF THE HOSTESSES: MISS SONIA CONVERSE WITH MR. V. PROVATOROFF



CAPTAIN LOTINGA, MISS ROSE BINGHAM, AND THE MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY DISCUSSING SAUSAGES AND THINGS



MISS MARGOT KEENE, SIR HUGH SEELY, AND HIS COUSIN, MISS NINA SEELY



MRS. HEATHCOTE, MISS DIANA COVENTRY, AND LADY ALINGTON WITH COUNT ORSSICH AND MR. DUDLEY DE LEVIGNE

Last week's most notable cocktail party, given jointly by Miss Sonia Converse, Lady Bridgett Poulett, and Mr. Emmerson Bainbridge, started at about 2 o'clock on Friday morning, and was still going exceedingly strong at 5 a.m. The guests forgathered first at the Embassy and then proceeded to the Converse Mansion, 2, Mansfield Street, where a comprehensive cabaret was one of the entertainments provided. The affair, most successful and very informal, was to celebrate Lady Bridgett Poulett's twentieth birthday, and Mr. Bainbridge, who is in the Brigade, was also being toasted, as it happened to be his birthday too. Miss Margot Keene is an American product, both charming and rich. Miss Nina Seely is the late Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Seely's daughter, and Miss Diana Coventry is Lord Coventry's cousin. One of the hits of the evening was Miss Converse's leopard skin, and Miss Rose Bingham had her usual success

# The Cinema : Two Films

By JAMES AGATE

RUSSIA, for film purposes, is not what it was and probably never will be again. Anybody who, like me, is an ardent frequenter of the little Academy Theatre, knows what modern Russia looks like. To begin with, it is all out of doors, mile after mile of nothing in particular, relieved here and there by sculptresque oxen and swart young men with matted hair and one missing tooth. When there is no way of avoiding an interior it is a hovel with a dying patriarch stretched on a sour mattress and turning up toes and beard. The children would not approach their defunct progenitor but for the fact that they are hungry and the family bread is kept under that mattress. Outside, the new life of the new Russia is stirring, and through the window, if it could be opened, would be heard the chunk-chunk of the motor-tractor. It is true that one cylinder is missing unperceived of the gap-toothed young man who drives it. But we in the audience are not so impercipient. We have noticed, for example, that the dead patriarch lacked a finger, and putting these defections together we see in them examples of Pfbst's rhythmic symbolism, meaning that Russia's

Little Father, like the patriarch's little finger, is no more. That is the Russian film of to-day and the future, and readers of THE TATLER will not need to be reminded how I dote upon these sign-posts to Cossack up-lift. But like a good walker I can dote upon the road I have come as well as the road I am to go, and that is why I have lost none of my weakness for the Russia of an earlier day. This day flourishes once more in *The Yellow Passport*, at the Capitol. A young Jewess desiring to visit her father, who is ill in some town thousands and millions of versts distant, could only obtain a passport if she would consent to its colour being yellow. Whereby she automatically became

than which it is better to lie dead at one's parents' feet! Yes, reader, the grammar of this sentence is correct, and for the sentiment see the entire romantic literature of Scotland.

Miss Elissa Landi walks brightly into this cage of professional vice and emerges as unscathed as any canary, though when her young man, an English journalist, comes to court her, she has to break off in the middle in order to get herself inspected by a policeman. In the meantime the Governor of Omsk or Prywcz desires the young lady, whose lover he proposes to send to the salt mines if she refuses. By way of breaking the ice he leads Miss Landi up to a show-case containing all the weapons, from hat-pins to pocket-pistols, with which ladies similarly situated have endeavoured to assassinate him. Complying, they and their lovers go free; obstinate, they also must dabble in salt till their nails drop out of their own accord. And then this tyrant does something which if I were a Russian policeman I should never do—he turns his back. Whereupon Miss Landi pops a little bullet into a little revolver, and that is the end of the policeman. And it is all happening in August, 1914, and the war breaks out, and the British Embassy at St. Petersburg has an aeroplane with steam up to facilitate the escape of young people who, like Miss Landi, have got themselves into a pickle. As an actress Miss Landi has come on notably, though, like Miss

Madeleine Carroll, she is much too pretty to bother with acting. At least we who look at her do not want to be bothered with considerations of acting, for charm and beauty like Miss Landi's resembles Windermere or even Bassenthwaite in this, that it can make no response to the storms which break over it. The storms pass and there is Miss Landi's charm and beauty smiling once again, just as Windermere and Bassenthwaite resume prettiness, dimpled and serene. Mr. Lionel Barrymore is much too good a fellow to make me believe for a moment in his Russian policeman. This actor could not debauch a fly, and the very notion of it makes him and us laugh. But it so happens that I like sitting in the cinema whenever Mr. Barrymore is on the screen and whether he is pretending to be Herod or Father Christmas, I just like this actor, just as I like Mr. Laurence Olivier, who once more presents one of his slightly assertive and just a little common young men. On the whole a good second-grade picture.

*Frankenstein* at the Tivoli quaintly misses the entire point which is the sympathy we should feel for the monster. In a recent play on the old subject this was beautifully brought out,

and it was the yearning of the uncompanionable creature for a mate which made the play worth while. Take this away and there is nothing left except some penny-dreadful of the charnel-house. Mr. James Whale who directs has worked himself up into a great frenzy over his retorts and laboratory contrivances. Alas! that whether or not Edgar Allan Poe was the inspiration, Heath Robinson is undoubtedly the result! Mr. Boris Karloff appears to act very well as the monster and contrives to look singularly like Grock. Perhaps there is more of nature than art in this performance since the hideousness of those hands does not appear to be faked. Mr. Colin Clive is utterly miscast; at least I



MISS BENITA HUME AS COUNTESS RICARDI IN "SERVICE FOR LADIES"

The good film which has been at the Plaza, and is about due for general release. It is all about the love romance of a head waiter of a London hotel who loves above his station, but it all works out right in the end. "The Tatler" has a part in the play as can be seen

do not believe that his bright athleticism ever frequented graveyards for reconstructions. In what must be the film-world's worst rôle Mr. John Boles is wildly dull, and as a distraught bride Miss Mae Clarke wanders through the piece with the composure of eleven house-maids rolled into one. Then there is Mr. Frederick Kerr who, quite incredibly, is alleged to be the German father of the bride, when every accent, every gesture, bespeak the testy old gentleman from Surbiton who hasn't won a golf-match for years. For a long time I could not make out why everybody kept calling Mr. Kerr "Herr Barren," until it struck me that they were alluding to Mr. Kerr's rank. But surely Mr. Whale knows how Germans pronounce the word "Baron"? Or is he of the school of Bully Bottom and every other English actor which invariably addresses a Frenchman as either "mounseer" or "mossoo"? The production of this film seems to me to leave something to be desired. There is too much double-photography, as though in the old still days people had moved, and in one place the shot of villagers rejoicing begins before the villagers have started! The film has, however, the reputation of being gruesome, and presumably will attract enormous audiences. Personally it seems to me to be a middling business, though for the business being done by this film the box-office would probably use another adjective.



## ROUND THE SHOWS

MISS INA  
CLAIRE  
IN ENGLAND

Barth Wilking

Stage Photo Co.  
IN "BOW BELLS": MR. NELSON KEYS AND MISS BINNIE HALE

Davis

"MISS ENGLAND 1932" (MISS STALLARD)

Of the distinguished and beautiful persons in this page, Miss Ina Claire, who is on a visit to us, and is staying at the Savoy, has denied the rumour that she intends to re-marry her former husband, Mr. John Gilbert, the film's "perfect lover," but she says that they are still "quite good friends." Miss Binnie Hale is the main-spring of "Bow Bells" at the London Hippodrome, and, aided by Mr. Nelson Keys and other witty people, she keeps them ringing merrily. They are seen in the picture in the "Break Down and Weep" number. The Wiere Brothers, in the other picture, are the most wonderful dancers. "Miss England, 1932," is visual proof that in whatever other things this already rather unpopular year may fall short, beauty is not one of them. Miss Stallard won the Beauty Championship of London



Stage Photo Co.

ALSO: JOAN GARDNER AND THE WIERE BROTHERS



WITH THE COTTESMORE: THE REV. GRAHAM DILLEY  
AND MR. JIMMY CLARK

The day the Cottesmore met at Somerby. The Rev. Graham Dilley is the Rector of Saxby and is one of the few hunting parsons left in England. In Ireland, of course, they abound

#### A Leicestershire Letter

Day after day hounds have been running hard with one or all three packs, generally accounting for their foxes as well. There can never have been better sport than the last fortnight has produced. On Tuesday the Cottesmore killed their fox after a fine woodland hunt which, from a riding point of view, was unappreciated. On Wednesday the Belvoir killed one fox after a good half-hour's ring and were unlucky not to catch their second fox. Again on the Friday on the Lincolnshire side they had a wonderful day and on the Saturday all three packs ran like they were tied to their foxes.

The Ranksboro' party on the Friday night was perhaps responsible for so many of the large field with the Cottesmore getting left in the Saturday morning hunt, and the fact that it was nearly dark sent a large proportion home before the cottage plantation was drawn late in the evening. The fox from here ran the grand circuit of the Burton flats: hounds running harder the farther they went till they were whipped off at Berry Gorse with a large moon well up in the sky. What a day!

The Belvoir meanwhile had a great hunt from Cotham Thorns over a country full of dykes in which some of the field are probably still engulfed. As a small boy Toby must have been told it is dangerous to swing on gates, and the fact still holds good.

The British Legion Ball, held by the kindness of the "Brose" Clarks at Staveley Lodge, was a "wow." Nearly 300 people, and with the auctions of ponies,

## From the Shires and Provinces

puppies, and frocks the sum realized must have been considerable. Everyone glad to see Tommy Graves down for the ball and a week-end's hunting.

The Quorn had only a moderate day on the Monday, but were lucky not to lose half the pack under a goods train, the whole length of which the fox ran.

#### Answers to Correspondents:

BREEDER.—The foal you mention has been registered as Hardwick.

TURBOT.—Giving the lady a lift in your horse-box doesn't come under "inducing to leave."

ENQUIRER.—If your name is Ivan you are at liberty to dress even your chauffeur in Sotnias and Balalaikas if you like.

#### From the Beaufort

Everyone is agreed that never have we had such ideal weather as during the last ten days, and sport in consequence has been very good. On Monday from Dumb Post, Bremhill Tom with the dog hounds showed us a good day's sport, the best being the evening hunt from near Corvage Wood, hounds being stopped at dusk near Woodhill Park.

On Tuesday, from Cherrington, a lot of country was drawn blank, and all the "know-alls" were continually saying, "Told you so, if he would kill so many cubbing"; the rest of the morning being devoted to hunting a ringing fox from Ashley. Those who remained out were rewarded with a really fast gallop from Shipton Wood with a kill near Charlton Down. We all much regret to hear that that good fox-preserved, Mr. Storey, who has been laid up most of the winter abroad, is still not much better.

Wednesday was devoted to stirring up the hill foxes at Hoxwell and with success, but unfortunately George Castle had a nasty fall and had to go to hospital. We hope nothing serious again.

Thursday produced a really fine hunt, hounds making a good point of six miles to Darnley Bottom.

On Friday, from Horton, we were kept busy all day, and there was any amount of leaping and galloping. Burghie lost his hat early in the day, whilst others lost their seats, and the gentleman from Syston way had a really nice bath. Rumour has it another bottle party is on the way. If it's true the "hard-riding captain" from Kington way is giving it, certainly wonders never cease.

#### From the Heythrop

The Colonel was again in sole command on Monday at Swerford, the Major being still in Ireland. A miss is as good as a mile, but it was more like six miles at racing pace which most people missed, as hounds were streaming away before anyone knew what was happening. Bang in front went the two big guns—the Master and the secretary—and Debrett himself could not have ordained a more correct order of precedence. Falls were numerous, amongst them being a young Guardsman who, although sufficiently tied up in knots already, was even more put out than his shoulder was on discovering that the wrong loose horse was brought back to him.

On Wednesday at Barrington we all had our fill of Colonel

(Continued on p. 182)



WITH THE MEATH: THE HON. MERVYN WINGFIELD,  
LADY POWERSCOURT, AND LADY GWENETH CAVENDISH

The day the Meath were at Flathouse, near Dublin, and had a great hunt into part of which the Fairhouse chase course happened. The Hon. Mervyn Wingfield is Lord Powerscourt's heir. Lady Gweneth Cavendish is a sister of the Earl of Bessborough. She and her son, Mr. Robin Baring, are at present staying at Powerscourt with Lord and Lady Powerscourt





AT THE RADCLIFFE AND HUNTS' BALL: Miss Cynthia Miller's party—Left to right: Seated—Miss Swetenham, Miss Harding-Jones, Miss Miller, Lady Betty Montgomery, Mrs. Miller, and Miss Susan Thomson; standing—Messrs. Cottrell-Dormer, Jones-Mortimer, J. Thomson, Wingfield-Stratton, and Captain C. A. R. Coghill

## WITH THE "FANTASTIC TOERS"



HANWORTH ENTERTAIN THE R.N. FLYING CLUB: Left to right—Mr. Bert Hinkler, Mrs. R. Cotton, Captain Max Finlay, the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill, and Mr. Gordon England



AT THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) HUNT BALL: *Dennis Moss* Left to right: Standing—Captain Allenby, Mr. Isaac Bell (Master of the South and West Wilts), Captain M. J. Kingscote, Master of the Cricklade; seated—Mrs. Allenby, Mrs. T. A. Sutton (wife of the hon. sec. to the Hunt Ball and sister to the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings), Mrs. Phillip Cripps (grand-daughter of Lord and Lady Vestey and sister-in-law to Lady Cromwell)



ANOTHER V.W.H. GROUP: *Dennis Moss* Left to right: Standing—Mr. H. Garnett, Mr. G. S. L. Whitelaw (Joint Master of the Old Berks), Mr. M. G. Hartigan, Mr. G. F. Hartigan; seated—Miss Gordon, Miss Middleton, Mrs. M. G. Hartigan, Mrs. George Hartigan



AND YET ANOTHER V.W.H. GROUP: *Dennis Moss* Left to right: Standing—Mr. Kenneth Boles (son of the late Sir Eric Boles, Governor of Bermuda) and Major Humphrey de Freville; seated—Mrs. Humphrey de Freville, Mrs. Gunning, Major T. J. Longworth hon. sec. to the Beaufort Polo Club, and Mrs. F. N. Lloyd

A regular spate of ball dances, and at all of them the performers are said to have enjoyed themselves. The South Oxfordshire and Bicester Hunts linked up with the Radcliffe Infirmary for their dance, and it took place in the Oxford Town Hall, with over 700 starters. Mrs. Miller, who is in the group, is the wife of the ex-Master of the South Oxford, Brig-General A. D. Miller. Hanworth entertained the R.N. Flying Club to celebrate the establishment of the latter's H.Q. at Hanworth. The V.W.H. Cricklade Hunt Ball was held at Bingham Hall, Cirencester, and also drew a very big field. Captain Maurice Kingscote took over these hounds this season and is making a good job of it. Everyone was very pleased to see Major Tommy Longworth. He is one of the few people who have survived a broken neck



M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A clever portrait in black and white by A. Bilis, the Paris artist, of the famous French author. André Maurois published his first book in 1918, and one of his latest was "Don Juan, or the Life of Byron."

over. Such turmoil! So great a struggle to sort life out before life, grimly indifferent to our struggles, sorts it out for us. The young people fighting to obtain a foothold by right of their youth, which the older only accord them on sufferance at last; age patronizing the inevitable. The fearful effort to combat love and the urge of sex, and to make it conform with our heart's desire without offending our neighbours. No time really to enjoy, no moment without its indomitable and disturbing effort to succeed either in love or ambition. Everything within us fighting something outside ourselves. This awful mental hubbub generally goes on until we are approaching middle age, when suddenly we discover that all the previous years of conflict have made very little difference, that in the back-ground fate has quietly

Towards fifty we can at last sit back to remember in amazement the terrific conflicts we found or manufactured in the days of our youth, and view them in retrospect with tender amusement; those conflicts which we once imagined would mean the death-stroke of life and happiness if we did not win through to their bitter or blissful end. And yet, strangely enough, we simply find ourselves after it is all over a dependable clerk, or a responsible father of a family, or married—with or without a bank balance behind us—one among several hundred millions all outwardly very much alike in circumstances as well as in outlook. Happily we take with us unconsciously down the passage of the years our own life, as fate has built it up or disintegrated it day by day, so that we become so familiar with it that we cannot stand outside it to regard it from a detached angle—whatever it may be. It has become as much *us* as our own skin. Only occasionally, however, we pass it quietly in review, and then nothing astonishes us more than to remember the early hubbubs which died down into nothingness, the tremendous

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Those Difficult Years.

I HAVE just been reading two novels, "Caps Over the Mill" (Murray. 7s. 6d.), by Miss Marjorie Booth, and "Morning and Cloud" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), by Miss E. B. C. Jones, whose earlier novel, "The Wedgewood Medallion," was so successful. Once again both stories brought home to me the picture of that difficult race in life which is run by us all immediately after the first lap of youth is

ambitions which somehow faded or were worn away; the love for which we would once have risked life itself becoming just a pleasant memory or, peradventure, an irritable companion on the other side of a breakfast tea-pot. Both Miss Booth and Miss Jones deal in their novels, however, with the earlier conflicts. If either of them possesses a moral it is the moral that life clutters one up with too many personal relationships, which convention and morality refuse to sever, and that the only real happiness is to stand alone, using love as a kind of temporary arrangement, pleasant—like going to the "pictures" when we feel in the mood. They are the ties which love weaves which waste such a lot of life often for no very useful purpose. "Caps Over the Mill" is the story of a family living in an old Cornish fishing village. The father and mother of this family were intellectual and delightful—only they ought never to have had a family. They were both so purely undomesticated—without, however, being the least bit immoral, which is sillily supposed to go with a lack of domesticity. They demanded a roof, but neither could be bothered by a home. Unfortunately, they had quite a large family, and when this family began to lead an independent life of their own no two people were more inconvenient than their parents. Nevertheless, the boys and girls had to live at home because each one had to earn his or her own living. Until their separate wings were fully grown there was nothing else they could do. So they fretted and grumbled and fell in love and went through all the torture of frustrated passion and ambition until eventually life sorted itself out for each of them, and one found himself a successful stockbroker, another an unsuccessful scenic artist, and so on. Thus they were all planted out eventually and so left their very unconventional parents to find the kind of happiness which they had enjoyed years ago and had sought to improve upon without realizing their own temperamental limitations. If you be not one with the crowd your only chance of happiness lies outside it altogether—outside all that it is and stands for. Which, I suppose, is really the keynote to unhappiness. Few of us find ourselves out until a whole series of failures and despairs teach us to know ourselves; when, much to our surprise, but also as one consolation for growing old, we discover that life itself is the only thrilling thing whatever it may teach us; we lose, alas! so much of it by having to learn by experience—a tedious and miserable education—and life isn't long enough to make up for this waste of time except, if we be wise, to give us a sense of humour towards the end. "Caps Over the Mill" is an interesting, well-written story, true of thousands of families and a picture of almost anybody's agitated youth.

## A Brilliant Exposition on a Dull Theme.

The writing is the best part of "Morning and Cloud," and for this alone the novel is a notable one. But the characters themselves left me stone cold. Cedric Benton, the husband who was dissatisfied with his wife, was one of those intellectual, egotistical creatures who are so enamoured of that bundle which is themselves that they place it, so to speak, in an exclusive china cupboard when really it would have been better for them had fate played football with it. He was always talking, thinking, dreaming about himself. No wonder his wife guarded her own secrets! And yet she was fond of him; so fond, indeed, that when he confessed that he was in love and had been unfaithful to her with a young artist, she didn't release him, but went on as usual, knowing that he would come back to her. Men head for Passion, but they always come back to Peace. She knew that he hadn't got the courage to be more than merely unfaithful, making a drama out of it for himself. It annoyed him that his wife didn't take it dramatically, too. He was that kind of man. As for the girl he felt he loved, she seemed to



MARJORIE BOOTH, AUTHOR OF "CAPS OVER THE MILL" Hughes

Miss Marjorie Booth's third novel is reviewed by Richard King in *With Silent Friends* this week. Her previous books, "A Gem of Earth" and "Time to Stare," were both successful. In private life Marjorie Booth is the wife of Mr. Frank Grey, the artist whose work is well known to "Tatler" readers

(Continued on p. 180)



## FEELING ROTTEN!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



He: So your Mistress is too upset to see anyone?

Maid: Yes, sir; she's much too decomposed

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

realize this too, unconsciously, for she decided for him that, after all, it would be better to be his mistress on the sly. An open declaration of independence would ruin her chance matrimonially later on, as well as rob her lover of the kind of life which a rich wife allowed him to enjoy. Their liaison was of that kind. There really is nothing very deep in either of them, and because they are so shallow our interest in their problem is shallow too. The wife, whose nature is suggested rather than explained, is the most interesting character in the book. Others are too conventional—book-conventional that is. Nevertheless, although the theme of "Morning and Cloud" is quite an ordinary one, the writing is so good, there is so much which belongs really to outside the story altogether, that it is a novel you should read.

## Germany and Belgium To-day.

As a guide-book I can also thoroughly recommend "Gone Abroad" (Nicholson and Watson. 9s. 6d.), by Mr. Charles Graves. It is full of

interesting information and quite astonishingly impersonal. Mr. George Lunn has blessed it by writing a preface, and this, of course, "niches" the book quite admirably. If you have been to Germany or to Belgium, or if you intend going there, I can think of no better book to take with you. It hasn't that somewhat terrifying amount of detail which an ordinary guide-book possesses, but it tells you the main things to see, and how to see them, besides offering that co-useful information which deals with hotels, restaurants, out-of-the-way corners, and the typical night life. Yet it is not the kind of book which a purely easy-chair traveller will find very, very exciting. The author himself is content to remain a mere chronicler for the greater part, and this is in one sense a pity. You go where he goes, you see things through his eyes, and yet you never get to know him. It might be a super-excellent guide talking to you and taking you around. He interests, but he does not amuse.

Nothing that he touches ever comes very vividly to life—at least, not more so than a good photograph. The nearest approach to sheer entertainment is the chapter on the writer's visit to the field of Waterloo, and the humorous guide who took him and the rest of the party around, and wasted a deal of good and not so-good humour on too, too stolid ground. Nevertheless, as a book dealing with the travel aspects of modern Germany and Belgium it is undoubtedly a book to keep beside you for the next Continental holiday occasion. It will be eminently as useful and ever so much more readable than the usual little red book. But that is all I can say about it. To enjoy it you must have been or intend going. It will have only a mild interest for the "staid" at home. Personally I enjoyed it, but then I had visited most of the places described—Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Baden-Baden, Spa, Ostend, Brussels, Cologne among others—and I was interested to learn of their post-war aspect.

## The Lion who Turned into a Pekinese.

Lovely Nature rarely plays the game. The whole peace and happiness of a lifetime may be ruined by the glamour of one moonlight night. It isn't fair. The moral laws are not impervious enough to the fever of moonlit glades, and it is by the moral laws that we have to live and to bring up our children among neighbours. Poor Ellen Redmayne, the fearfully intellectual and would-be unconventional-at-all-costs heroine of Miss Marjorie Lovell Burgess's light and amusing novel, "Provincial Interlude" (Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.), was so carried away by the beauty of a Honolulu night that she married Jacob Hermann, the handsome, wild, wealthy privateer of the island. Which was a mistake, because Jacob, being a lion in Honolulu, became merely a Pekinese when his wife brought him back to her home in Fulchester, England. Ellen was a high-brow writer, and it is wrong to suppose—as a recent train conversation on the wireless supposed—that the high-brows never have low-brow moments; they have, and they are often lower than the

low-brows. Having had her low-brow moment and married her man as a consequence, it astonished and then annoyed her when, instead of her husband remaining the handsome dare-devil of one romantic night, he became more respectable than even respectability need be; becoming Mayor of Fulchester and eventually Member of Parliament. Could anything be duller? So poor Ellen, instead of finding herself breathing the freer, wilder life, found herself stifled in an atmosphere of Public Spirit. Her attempt to escape provides the interlude of the title. It is most amusing. Just the kind of story which passes the time happily and with blissful unprofitableness. Real entertainment in its kind.



"I didn't catch your name when we were introduced just now"

## Figure-Skating.

Finally, let me mention a little book, "The Elements of Figure-Skating" (Methuen. 3s. 6d.), by Ernest Jones, which, especially if you be skating at home this winter as well as

staying at home, you will find to be just the book you have been looking for, and this, if you be either a beginner or well on the way to being an expert. It is a book remarkably free from tiresome diagrams, from which usually nobody really learns anything. On the contrary, it teaches by an entirely new method. It approaches the art of figure-skating, not by the feet, but by the mind and body; because, if these are correctly balanced and the reason understood, the feet will have little or no difficulty. The explanations are of the simplest; which, perhaps, is thanks due to the book having been written "by a beginner to beginners." At any rate, it should prove of real value to any ambitious skater, and—thank goodness!—we don't have to wait nowadays for a frost to enjoy this, one of the most delightful of all bodily sports. There is an ice-rink in most large towns. This book may be said to be just the right thing for those who do not want to slip up or slip down when they skate on thick or thin ice.



THE WEST SOMERSET PLAYERS' DRAMATIC CLUB

A group of the West Somerset Players, a very flourishing dramatic club, who have recently given performances in West Somerset in the plays "Tanks," "Keep Calm," and "Cup-board Love." The group includes the Hon. Audrey Acland-Hood, the Hon. Maud Acland-Hood, daughters of Lord and Lady St. Audries, Mrs. J. Bridges, the Misses G. Davies and Dawson-Damar, Lord St. Audries, Captain Anson, the Rev. A. and Mrs. Grant Morris, Mr. C. Mackenzie, and Mr. S. Probyn



AT THE WARWICK 'CHASES: MISS FEILDEN, THE COMTESSE DE PRET-ROOSE, AND MRS. DUNN

On the day this was taken the Comtesse de Pret-Roose, the charming wife of someone who is more familiar to some people as Jackie De Pret, had a right and left, her Lady Margaret II winning the Ashow Selling Chase and her Simon the Sailor the Chandler Steeplechase



WITH THE LAUDERDALE HOUNDS AT BOWLAND

The names in this group, taken when the Lauderdale were at Bowland, near Stow, are: Lady Hay and Alan Ramsay (in front), Mr. Gaibraith, Mrs. Ramsay, a sister of Lord Beaverbrook, Miss Walker, Sir Duncan Hay, and Mr. Ramsay of Bowland. Colonel Alexander Mitchell has been Master of these hounds since 1910 and is a most popular Master. The Lauderdale was at one time part of the Buccleuch country

Clapperton



## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 176)

Wingfield's hospitality, but unfortunately our host himself was going a bit short. Some of these hirelings must be rather hard of hearing, as the order, "Hounds, please," was mistaken by one horse for "Ground, please," and promptly lay down in a ploughed field, thereby causing the fair maid of Kent to become a foul bit of mud.

Friday, at Broadwell, was a very good day for the many strangers out on the eve of the ball at Batsford, and it was only fitting that hounds should have led us such a dance up the Moreton Vale. Some of the dancers were falling about a bit, and we hope there were no cases of their having to eat their supper standing up. We understand that the gallant thruster, who found the river Evenlode, is selling his horse as a water-diviner. Rumour has it that they both landed safely at Folly Bridge.

### From the Fernie

Willoughby Waterless belied the title on Monday, January 18, the district around showing full dykes and water-logged pastures. When our fox from Atfields faced the open he took a severe line for horses, crossing a "pewy" country into Atherstone territory, where he went to ground at Cotes de Val. It was a mud-plugging gallop. Twenty-five minutes from Gwens Gorse later was the pick of the day, although bringing grief to several.

The Brigadier and Ernest were both knocked out; may they soon be up again. Our fox, who circled out to Peatling Parva, was bowled over near Willoughby, the pack well deserving their reward. The Farmers' Ball on the previous Friday was much enjoyed, and was practically equivalent to the usual hunt ball abandoned for this season. The Pony Club rally at Kibworth on Tuesday witnessed many budding foxchasers. Mrs. "Bill" Massey and Captain Hignett of the 10th patiently gave practical advice to the young members.

Thursday's meet at Kibworth was held in glorious sunshine. General and Mrs. Jack of the Old House entertained sumptuously the large field out, which included the Duke of Gloucester and many Meltonians.

### From the York and Ainsty

Both packs were out on Saturday, January 23, the North at Winkley and the South at Osgodby. The former had much the better day, with a nice ninety minutes' moorland hunt and a four-mile point.

We had a goodly crowd of people at Moor Monkton on Tuesday, 26th (South pack) what with men and maidens and motor horse-boxes from the Bramham Moor, Holderness, Middleton, and United States, David might have exclaimed with Mr. Jorrocks, "Wot a 'unt mine is!" Scent was very indifferent in the morning, and though the lady pack caught a fox in Red House Wood there wasn't that jolly over the grass and timber which some of the visitors think they'll get when they come to these parts. The afternoon hunt from Rufforth Whin was better and resulted in No. 2 fox being killed in the outskirts of Acomb, everyone going home considerably warmer than in the morning.

### From Warwickshire

We were all delighted to see our Master out again with us on Monday at Pillerton, after such a long absence, and a grand day's sport he brought with him, for we found at once at Shepherds Gorse, and went away over that gorgeous bit of country, so seldom used, where every fence is jumpable, but it rode terribly heavy, and the mud was awful—at least so thought one of our heavy-weights who had to be literally scraped before he could be recognized.

Tuesday was made by a good gallop in the evening from Tim's Coppice—very fast over the brook by the Osiers and over the hill to Golden Cross and back to the start. Someone will get into trouble over that wired fence, and we offer him our sympathy! Thursday at Shuckburgh was the usual busy day, with a nice hunt from Sawbridge in the evening. As years of experience have taught us, it is best to go hunting in country clothes!

We really think Friday morning was the most enjoyable thing of the week for the lucky ones who saw it—a racing twenty minutes from Wroxton to Shutford Clump, and glad we were when they stopped there! They should have killed their fox if he had not got in. Our huntsman is showing us the way this season, he rides some grand hunters, and we congratulate him on the way the hounds hunt.

We are glad to learn that the gallant little lady from Ashmore has no bones broken, and we hope to see her out again soon.

### From Lincolnshire

Hunting people in the Brocklesby country have been ransacking the storehouse of their memory trying to recall as good a day as January 23 when they met at Barnoldby-le-Beck. All day scent was breast-high, and probably never before have hounds run harder than they did with an outlier from Mr. Bramley's farm and which they deprived of his brush in Mr. Tickler's garden at Bradley Manor. For fifty minutes they raced on without a single check and all over a big country which wrought much grief. Later hounds scored another brilliant ninety minutes from Cartwright's Osiers. Again they never checked until reaching Atlesby Mill where Charles, although blown up like a balloon, managed to squeeze into a hole from which he was evicted and killed. True there was no great point in the gallop but hounds crossed thirteen miles of country! Almost every 'oss conked out and many were seen ambling home in the moonlight!

On the same day two tip-top gallops with the Southwold lent distinction to the meeting at Well Vale Gate. Hounds were unlucky not to catch both foxes, for both went to ground just in front; the last, indeed, escaping only by scratching away one of the faggots which barred entry to the main earths at Langton.



WITH THE LIMERICK: MR. H. S. PERSES AND MR. CLANCY OF CHARLEVILLE

At the Riversfield tryst of the Limerick, of which someone known to the racing world as "Atty" is Master for the fourth season. This pack dates from the late Mr. George Forberry's time in 1828



LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON  
WITH THE MEATH

On the day the Meath met at Kilmoon. Lady Maureen Brabazon is the elder daughter of the Earl of Meath, and she got a very bad fall two seasons ago with the Limerick

# THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



LET'S GO!

# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER.—Before I forget. I have an *amende honorable* to make. In writing on this page about the amateur performance of *The Cat and the Canary*, most successfully given a little while ago at the *Salle d'Iéna*, to raise funds for the Hertford British Hospital in Paris, I deplored the fact that only the *Marseillaise* was played at the end of the performance. My informant had arrived a little late and was unaware that the entrance of the British Ambassador had been greeted with "God Save the King" before the curtain went up. I am sorry if my remark about what was thought to be an omission hurt anybody's feelings, and trust that this will put matters right.

Paris is duller 'n duller, Très Cher. Not a single worthwhile party last week, and none on the horizon except, of course, the *Bal des Petits Lis Blancs*, and that is hardly a party, but a public—very public—function. It will be honoured, as always, by the presence of the President of the Republic, and this will be the first appearance of President Doumer at anything really gay. Bets (most disrespectfully!) are being made as to whether the doings on the Silver Bridge will coax a smile to his kindly but excessively solemn countenance. If he stays as glum as usual, we shall miss "Gastounet's" happy grin. He was a cheery President, if ever there was one, and whenever he appeared at a performance given in the "sacred cause of charity," the obvious pleasure he showed at the entertainment provided did a great deal, I think, to make a success of the whole affair. It is not that President Doumer is at all "snooty." He is a most simple and democratic soul, and he has given a tremendous vogue to Carton's, the restaurant in the *Place de la Madeleine*, by lunching there with friends, like any other

*bon bourgeois*, trotting back to the Elysée on foot afterwards, without any apparent escort; though one presumes that there are any number of "plain-clothes men" in the offing.

**P**lain clothes! There's a nasty sound about that in these hard times. It looks very much—despite all the lovelies the *grands couturiers* are showing—as if our clothes will have to be extremely plain this spring. During the war my winter coat (this was in Belgium in 1917) was made from a home-dyed blanket. . . . I wonder if this creates a precedent for taking the sheets off the bed to make my tennis frocks for the summer!



LUDMILLA YAKOVLEV

A clever little Russian dancer and cinema star, snapped at St. Maxime, where she has been screening in *Hotel Nights*, a Leo Mittler film



RAQUEL MELLER AND MAURICE ROSTAND

The famous Spanish film star has made her theatrical début in Maurice Rostand's *Une Jeune Fille Espagnole*—quite appropriate—and which he wrote especially for her in verse. Maurice Rostand is a son of the Rostand and, even if he is not over popular on this side of *la Manche*, has talent. *Le Général Boulanger*, *L'Homme Qui J'ai Tué*, and a book, *L'Homme Que J'ai Fait Naître*, are three bits of evidence of his quality

**T**here have suddenly appeared all over Paris, shops that advertise, with a great window-display, the fact that they make charming dresses for one hundred and fifty francs (about thirty-five shillings). On the face of it, these wares seem most attractive, and I know a good many Smart Dressers who have fallen for them. Obviously the material is shoddy and the workmanship worse. To this my friends reply that they feel no compunction at throwing them away after a week or so's wear. Maybe they are right, but—call me a sentimentalist if you will—I cannot help thinking of the way these frocks are made. Even the cheapest material, bought in huge quantities, can hardly cost less than twenty-five francs a yard. Four metres and a-half are needed. Bang goes a hundred and twelve of those hundred and fifty francs. Add the "over-head charges" (which, I believe, is what one calls the rent and taxes and lighting of the shop and wages of the saleswomen, isn't it?) and what remains for the unfortunate souls who actually put and sew those garments together? The sweating system in all its horror do those frocks represent! I cannot say anything bad enough about encouraging such trade! And that, Très Cher, is very much that.

**T**he *Salon des Indépendants* has opened its doors this week and exhibits some four thousand odd (very odd, some of them) canvases. Amongst the oddities, however, there are many very fine pictures, and the work of two British artists has been given great praise by the captious, as well as the kindly, critics. Walter Levin's landscape is an important piece of work, both as composition and colour, and his "Portrait of a Young Woman" is equally remarkable. Another English painter, Mr. Watson, also contributes two landscapes that are extremely pleasing. Not that my judgment, of course, has any value. My knowledge of the Art that consists of laying colours on canvas boils down to the personal feeling of whether or no I would care to live with the result of such a proceeding. . . . Certain pictures hung by my friends in their homes make me want to throw the furniture about, but this may be mere bad taste on my part, Très Cher.

PRISCILLA.





#### HOW IT IS DONE! A "JUNGLE" FILM IN THE MAKING

The public, which sees merely the finished article, has very little conception of how even the most hair-raising scenes on the films are "shot." Of course, most times when the audience sees a gentleman about to be eaten by a shark or mauled by a lion or a "tixe," it knows that everything has been arranged decently and in order; but it never really knows how. This picture of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Weissmuller, the world's swimming champion, in the latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "jungle" film gives us some insight into how things are fixed and how many people with lights and cameras take part in even the most intimate incidents. The tree is probably a thing called a "banyan tree," one which is very fond of drooping and rooting. The film is called "Tarzan the Ape Man," and, in addition to Weissmuller, who plays Tarzan, and Maureen O'Sullivan, Aubrey Smith and Neil Hamilton are also in it.

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Hold My Hand"

at the

Gaiety

Theatre



## WARD AND GUARDIAN

Paula (Miss Jessie Matthews) pretends to be a child, and offers her guardian (Mr. Stanley Lupino) a lick of rock

IF parents have done their duty, hundreds of young hopefuls have been to the Gaiety to see *Hold My Hand* during the past Christmas holidays. By now it's a case of good-bye to all that; Livy has succeeded Lupino and retribution has fallen on those who have neglected to read and digest the appointed holiday task. If ever there is a Schoolboys' Strike those holiday tasks will be threatened with abolition. Painfully I recall two of mine from the dim past. One was "Eothen"; another a sick-making book about clouds and the weather. As if one cared *why* it rained!

If any form of brain-torture must be inflicted on the young in their hours of ease, why not combine duty with pleasure? As a test of observation and memory, the plot of *Hold My Hand* would give the classics a run for their money.

Q. 1. Why is this play called "Hold My Hand"?

A. 1. I can't remember. Oh yes, there is a duet of that name which everyone was humming on the way home.

Q. 2. Explain, with reference to the context, "I wanted a Jack Buchanan, but they gave me a Clara Bow."

A. 2: This is from Mr. Lupino's song, "It isn't right, it isn't done, now is it?" and refers to a tom-cat (guaranteed) which had kittens in a wireless set.

Q. 3. Comment on the behaviour of the Earl and Countess of Milchester.

A. 3. Quite all right, really, because this is only a musical comedy. The Earl comes to the party under "the affluence of inkerhol" (drunk). He has been to a fancy-dress ball and is still dressed up as Robinson Crusoe or, as Stanley Lupino says, "Gandhi's Goat." The Countess gets very angry with everybody because they are so rude to her.



"WHY AM I IN LOVE WITH YOU?"

Helen (Miss Margery Wyn) and Eddy (Mr. Stanley Lupino) reveal their incompatibility of tastes in song and dance



"WHAT'S A LITTLE KISS?"

Sings the writer of another's love letters (Mr. Harry Milton) to his employer's ward (Miss Jessie Matthews)



## THE EARL AND THE GIRL

The discreet secretary (Miss Connie Emerald) and the indiscreet peer (Mr. Frank Hector)

Q.4. What do you know about "The Morning Light"?

A.4. The Light that failed. It was the paper in Manchester Sonnie Hale edited from Surrey. He came to ask his friend, Stanley Lupino, for more money to keep it going. It really belonged to Jessie Matthews, Stanley Lupino's ward and a sort of flapper. She came back from Italy and he thought she was a child and gave her toys in the middle of the party in honour of Margery Wyn, whom he was going to marry because she was the daughter of the Earl and Countess; but he didn't love her really, because he was in love with Connie Emerald, his secretary, all the time, though he didn't know it till quite late. When Jessie Matthews put on a bathing-dress and pretended to be a child, he threatened to put her over his knee and smack her. But he found out in time. She thought he loved her, because of his letters. But it wasn't he who wrote them, but Harry Milton, his social adviser. Margery Wyn was really in love with Sonnie Hale, and in the end there were three weddings, with bridesmaids, and a real taxicab, which Stanley Lupino drove across the stage. The paper had gone smash, but he was all right because his uncle had left him £40,000, provided he did one day's honest work. . . .

A fearsome plot, God wot, and if Smith Minor makes a mess of it no one can accuse him of inattention. Luckily for Gaiety audiences of all

ages, Mr. Lupino's "book" calls for no post-mortems. All these misadventures about a ward in Italy, a newspaper in Manchester, an idiot Earl, three irresponsible young men and their financial and amorous entanglements, are of trifling import. The motto of *Hold My Hand* is *Hold Your Sides*.

In other words, the comedians rule the roost and the rest is trimming. Mr. Lupino leads the revels with unflagging zeal. Some of his jokes sound like old friends, but, before you can be quite sure, he has fired off another one, or fallen heavily and bounced up again; and so the good work goes on, with pun, wisecrack, and endless comic business, which keep the house perpetually laughing. Studying an architect's plan with Mr. Sonnie Hale; putting a flower-pot on the butler's head; spotting the lady with the corpses of three rabbits; emerging from behind a screen with the tights of Robin Hood rampant beneath a boiled shirt; playing havoc with the furniture and dignity of a newspaper office when the "returns" come hurtling down a chute; saying the last word in a dancing quartette heralding the jocund Spring; wielding a stringless tennis racquet with a cigarette-lighter concealed in the handle—Mr. Lupino is at the top of his bent. In fact, Mr. Lupino, author, and Mr. Lupino, comedian, have got together to some purpose. Never was the velour cocked at so sure an angle, never was the back-answer so pertly forthcoming.

In lighter vein, Mr. Sonnie Hale is a tower of entertainment and energy, singing and dancing in the best traditions of the Hale family. His sudden song about the rats of Hamelin, with chorus of pied pipers.



## TWO—BUT NOT COMPANY

Eddy (Mr. Stanley Lupino) reduced to the "ranks," finds a day's work as disconcerting as his prospective mother-in-law, Lady Milchester (Miss Doris Rogers)

takes place, by the way, in a garden scene, which is as it should be. Just the very place for an editor to edit. Off with the story and on with the female chorus, four of whom are the nimblest of speciality dancers. Mr. Harry Milton ably completes the trio, and Mr. Frank Hector exudes enough imbecility for a dozen comic Earls.

Miss Jessie Matthews, surely, has never been more at home nor touched-off her battery of charms with such spontaneous combustion. The Greeks can't have had a name for all of them! Her singing has grown in stature till it is on terms with her dancing, which takes in its stride the high kick and the ballet dancer's tip-toe flutterings and everything which lies between the cart-wheel and the heel-tap. Miss Matthews does all her come-hither tricks—the glad-eyed school-girl, the naughty child (in the most revealing of bathing-dresses), and the tip-toe ballerina in a bridal ballet scene all to herself—and does them all more artfully and artlessly than ever.

Miss Margery Wyn dances well and looks pretty; the chorus work with a will, and everything in the Gaiety Garden is lovely. Let 's all go down the Strand and have a Lupino—there are few better tonics on tap for the low-brow blues. "TRINCULO."



## "TURN ON THE MUSIC"

Miss Jessie Matthews and Mr. Sonnie Hale brighten up the party



## IN THE COUNTRY AND IN TOWN



AT WINDSOR 'CHASES: SIR ARCHIBALD  
WEIGALL, MISS WEIGALL AND MRS.  
HENRY



ALSO CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. R. WESTMACOTT



AND LIKEWISE, AT WINDSOR, SIR HUGH  
NUGENT AND SIR ERNEST WILLS



AT LORD WHARNCLIFFE'S SHOOT AT WORTLEY  
Lord Wharnccliffe, Capt. Wentworth, Mr. Harcourt Johnson, Capt. Remington Wilson,  
and, in front, Mrs. Remington Wilson and the Countess of Wharnccliffe



IN HYDE PARK: THE HON. THEODORA BENSON  
AND LADY JANE DOUGLAS

Those who went to the Windsor 'Chases saw that hard-punching G.R., Mr. Thackray, do a good job of work when he got aboard again and won the Over-the-Top Chase, after a fall at the last obstacle. He was then leading by twenty lengths, but he won by twelve—of course there was heaps of time in the circumstances of the steed not having got loose. It has been done before twice—once by Arthur Yates and once by "Eusty" Crawley, and also once by someone who prefers to remain anonymous. But, any old how, it means quick thinking. Captain and Mrs. Westmacott, who are in one of the pictures, both own racing horses, and so does Sir Hugh Nugent. Lord Wharnccliffe's shoot was over the Wortley estate, which is not far from Sheffield. He used to be in "The Twosters." The Hon. Theodora Benson is Lord and Lady Charnwood's younger daughter, and Lady Jane Douglas is Lord and Lady Queensberry's little girl, born in 1926



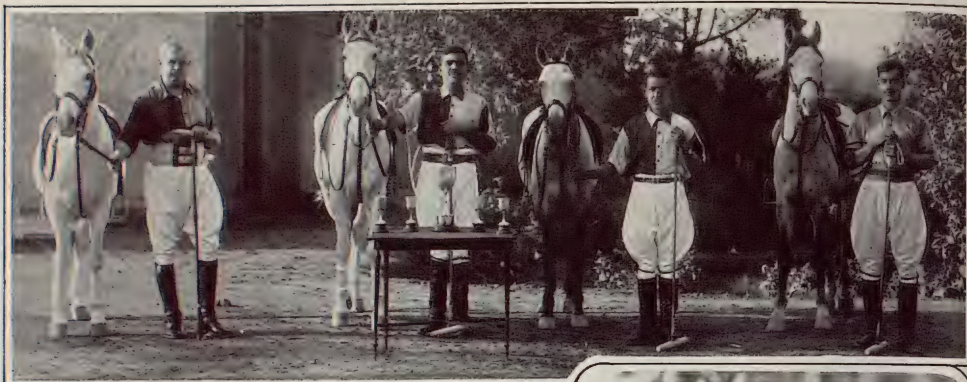
Russell, Chichester

## THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND HER GRANDCHILDREN

The Duchess of Richmond is seen holding her youngest grandson, the Hon. Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, born 1931, son of the Earl of March; and immediately in front of Her Grace is little Lord Settrington, the elder of the sons of the Earl of March, born 1929. The remaining children are sons and daughters of Lady Amy Coats and Lady Doris Vyner, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. Lady Amy Coats, who is the elder, married Captain James Stuart Coats, son and heir of Sir Stuart Auchincloss Coats, Bt., and their children are Ian, born 1919; Alastair, born 1921; Ivor, born 1923; and James, born 1928. Lady Doris Vyner's children are Charles, born 1926, and Elizabeth, born 1924. She married Lt.-Commander C. G. Vyner in 1923. He is a kinsman of the Marquess of Northampton.



# A LITTLE TOUR OF THE LIL' OLE WORLD!



THE IRAQ POLICE POLO TEAM: The winners of the Reid Cup. The names are (left to right): Lt.-Col. Prescott and Head Constables Abdul Karim, Abdulla and Syed Ahmed



AT TRAFALGAR PARK, JAMAICA: The names (left to right) are: Mrs. Percy Hansen, Lt.-Col. R. M. S. J. Booth, D.S.O. (commanding 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers), Brigadier G. R. Stevens, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Inspector-General West Indian Local Forces), Mrs. Stevens, Lady Stubbs, C.B.E., H.E. Sir Edward Stubbs, G.C.M.G. (Governor of Jamaica), Gen. Lord Byng of Vimy, G.C.B., etc., Lady Byng, Major P. Hansen, V.C., D.S.O., M.C. (Staff Officer H.Q. Kingston)



ALSO AT MIAMI: MR. HERBERT PULITZER, MRS. HARRISON-WILLIAMS AND MR. CHARLES MUNN



AT SINAIA, ROUMANIA: THE ARCHDUCHESS ILEANA AND THE ARCHDUKE ANTON OF HAPSBURG



AT MIAMI RACES: MR. AND MRS. P. A. B. WIDENER

From Baghdad via Roumania and Jamaica is a tidy step, but this is where these pictures take anyone sufficiently interested to look at them. The Baghdad (Iraq) Police Team have collared that Reid Cup at least once before this time, and it is a very smart performance. Lord Byng, who is the guest of the Governor of Jamaica, H.E. Sir Edward Stubbs, is away recuperating—and very satisfactorily, it is good news to learn. Major Percy Hansen, who is on the H.Q. Staff at Kingston, got the V.C. plus five mentions and a D.S.O. The Miami pictures were taken at the opening of their new course at Hialeah Park, Sinaia, where the Archduke Anton and his wife were "shot," is the Roumanian Royal winter resort



*Why be vague? Ask for—*

Haig



*no finer whisky goes into any bottle*



## THE LOVE

By S. TR





THIEF  
ATOR





*Picture of the Favourite*

# *White Horse Whisky*

*Real Old Scotch  
Sold in Bottles  
and various sizes  
of handy Flasks*





# Meet my Book: Mr. Godfrey Winn's Party



A SPIRITED SEND-OFF: QUAGLINO "CHRISTENS" MR. GODFREY WINN'S NEW NOVEL. LOOKING ON WITH THE AUTHOR ARE LADY PATRICIA MOORE, MR. BRUCE, MR. LOUIS GOLDING AND MR. EDWARD MARSH



TOASTING THE NEW BOOK: THE HON. MRS. EVAN MORGAN, MR. RALPH STRAUS, AND MISS ETHEL MANNIN



MISS MOLLY VAUGHAN, MR. PETER STEWART, THE HON. THEODORA BENSON AND THE HON. BETTY ASKWITH



MR. DEREK STUDLEY HERBERT, MRS. CECIL PIM, LADY SEAFIELD AND MR. CHARLES GRAVES WERE ALSO PRESENT

The publication day of Mr. Godfrey Winn's new novel was the good excuse for a very special party at which "The Unequal Contest" was the guest of honour. Not only was this latest arrival toasted in the approved fashion, but it was also encouraged to absorb a cocktail, invented and administered by the ever popular Quaglino. Plenty of clever and amusing people were there to witness so inspiring a ceremony. Mr. Louis Golding was still receiving congratulations on his own account, he having just launched a new book, too—namely "Magnolia Street," which is making a stir. Mr. Ralph Straus needs no introduction as a literary light. Lady Patricia Moore is prone to writing poems, while Miss Ethel Mannin's stock as a novelist is high. The Hon. Theodora Benson (don't miss her Cocker Miles) has several novels to her great credit, the latest being "Which Way." She and the Hon. Betty Askwith are tremendous friends, and collaborated in "Lobster Quadrille"

Photographs: Arthur Owen

## A NICHT WI' BURNS!



AT THE BURNS CLUB DINNER: LADY HIRST AND  
SIR WILLIAM NOBLE



MRS. LESLIE GAMAGE AND SIR HUGO HIRST



MRS. CRONIN AND COL. SIR THOMAS  
PURVES (THE PRESIDENT)



SIR HORACE MACKIE



LADY ROBERTSON AND THE REV. ARCHIBALD FLEMING



SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY GIBB, AND DR. J. M. BULLOCH



LADY PURVES AND SIR ARCHIBALD PAGE

When "Rabbie" Burns died at the age of only thirty-seven, it was said of him (by Carlyle): "His sun shone as through a tropical tornado and the pale shadow of death eclipsed it at noon . . ." an eloquent epitome of a life of one of Scotland's greatest. It was at the Burns Club Annual Dinner at Grosvenor House last week that this Commemoration was held. Very few who are not Scotsmen ever realise how young Burns was, and what must have been inevitably his future. He raised a lasting monument in even the few years permitted to him. What more might he not have done? Sir Thomas Purves is President of the Burns Club; Sir William Noble is a Past President; Sir Horace Mackie is the founder of the Burns Club in Paris. Mrs. Cronin, who is in the picture with Sir Thomas Purves, is the wife of the famous author Dr. A. J. Cronin, and Sir Archibald Page holds the highest position in electrical engineering in this country. Sir Alexander Gibb is President of the Burns Federation and Past President of the Burns Club, and Dr. J. M. Bulloch, LL.D., is Chairman of the Vernacular Society and also a Past President of the Burns Club

Photographs: Sasha



# MAKING WEST—EAST



LORETTA YOUNG AS SHE REALLY IS



MAKING UP—



—AND THE FINISHED ARTICLE IN "THE HONOURABLE MR. WONG"

An interesting series of pictures of Loretta Young, the pretty First National star, during the process of making up for "The Honourable Mr. Wong," a new production in which she appears with Edward G. Robinson. She has to be under the hands of the make-up official for two and a half hours each day, but the result of what must be a very trying ordeal is a master-piece. Quite apart from everything else, the discomfort of the false eyelids, which can be discerned, must be great. A more perfect transformation of a pretty Western into an almost equally attractive Eastern, it would be impossible to conceive

# A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

**N**EXT Saturday is set apart for the Wales v. Scotland match at Murrayfield, probably the stiffest hurdle the Welshmen will encounter in their effort to retain the championship. They will start slight favourites, except, perhaps, in the Caledonian Hotel on Saturday morning, and they should win, but the result is nothing

so freely voiced in some quarters. It is admitted that in his first year at Cambridge he looked like being the heaven-sent centre we have been looking for since the days of L. Corbett and Harold Locke, but in his second year he had to play full-back, and seems never to have got over it. However, he has done plenty of good work on the wing, both in attack and defence, and there he will stay.

It may sound like heresy to talk of omitting W. H. Sobey and Roger Spong, but the Old Millhillians may not be too sure of their places. Sobey was definitely slow at Cardiff, and it could not all be put down to the forwards. B. C. Gadney's claims are sure to come up for consideration, and though C. Slow is hardly ripe enough yet for international football, he must make a beginning some time. There is also a young gentleman in the Navy side who is going to be heard of soon, W. Elliott by name, who made rings round Spong in a recent match between the United Services (Portsmouth) and the Old Millhillians. He has, I believe, a double qualification for the internationals. Like most other people, he has some sort of connection with Scotland, quite enough to satisfy the Edinburgh purists, and he is also qualified for England. So, possibly, he may be given the opportunity to make his choice.

The English forwards were so out-played at Swansea that some changes are inevitable. Three men were certainly successful, and J. McD. Hodgson, W. L. Evans, and the fifteen-stone Marine, C. Webb, need not be nervous as to their chances of selection. G. C. M. Falla unfortunately got hurt the other day, or he would probably have been given a run against Ireland, operating in the back row. The most likely hooker is S. Roberts, who has been doing excellent work for Coventry; and another Midlander with an appreciable chance is T. Harris, of Northampton. The main difficulty will probably be to find a back row forward to accompany Hodgson; wing forwards, though numerous enough, are, generally speaking, of very moderate ability.



THE LONDON IRISH XV. AND OFFICIALS

R. S. CRISP

The team which put St. Thomas's Hospital out 36 to 3 at the recent encounter at Sunbury, and, as the score suggests, were on top all the way. The names in the picture are, left to right: (Back row, standing) Major C. R. McGowan (Hon. Sec.), J. A. R. Cairns (Vice-President), J. B. Quin (Hon. Match Sec.), H. S. J. Ruttle, G. D. Hodder, B. A. Barr, G. J. MacMahon, W. Colley, Dr. John Reid (Vice-President), J. MacMahon (Hon. Treasurer), M. Doyle. (Middle row, seated) Brian Croker, J. L. Reid, J. W. McCarthy, W. R. F. Collis (Captain), W. Morgan, T. W. King, R. McConnell. (Front row, on ground) W. Igoo, J. D. Quinn, G. S. Barry. J. A. R. Cairns is the well-known London police magistrate

like a certainty. The Welsh pack, admittedly a sound one, and the best Wales has had for some time, will find the home forwards by no means such easy meat as the Englishmen were at Swansea the other day. And if the Scottish pack should gain the upper hand, it will be odds on Scotland, for the Welsh backs are a long way below the old Welsh standard.

The Welsh authorities are under no delusions as to their outside division, but their difficulty is to find better men. The English selectors are in the same position: they know well enough that the English side is well below the average, but they, too, can discover no one else. Last season's fiasco left them with nothing to work on, and though they have found one or two promising players, such as Barr of Leicester and Gerrard of Bath, they would like a lot more of the same class. Scotland have made three changes from the team beaten by the South Africans, but I, for one, shall not be surprised if G. P. S. Macpherson regains his place, and turns up smiling at Twickenham next month. All London Rugby men are pleased to see W. N. Roughhead in again; his experience is certain to be valuable, and he has been playing very well lately.

This epistle is of necessity being written before the selection of the England team to meet Ireland, but perhaps a little "intelligent (more or less) anticipation" may be of interest. No one need expect a change at full back, but it is extremely likely that there may be one in the centre. J. A. Tallent has not done as well as was anticipated, and D. W. Burland may regain the place he filled last season. Some people will doubtless clamour for C. D. Aarvold in the centre, though his recent work in that position for Blackheath has not been exactly convincing. It is rather hard to understand the view that his right place is the centre,



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL XV. AND OFFICIALS

R. S. CRISP

This team was turfed out 36 to 3 by the London Irish XV, seen in the picture at the top. The names left to right are: (Back row) R. F. Winckworth (Hon. Sec.), J. E. Jameson, J. R. Kerr, R. S. F. Schilling, E. M. Buzzard, F. C. Durbin, R. S. Holton, L. R. J. Rinkel, T. A. Pimm (referee). (Front row) J. E. Stephens, J. H. Gibson, C. J. P. Pearson (Vice-Captain), R. G. B. Gilbert (Captain), T. D. F. Money, R. J. Niven, B. M. Goldsworthy. (On ground) G. W. Cummins, P. S. Luffman

# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## FEBRUARY, 1932

From the 1st to 15th inclusive

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1st Shooting. Partridge and Pheasant ends.<br>Racing. Leicester.<br>Coursing. Rochford and Swaffham.<br>Squash Rackets. Ladies' Championships begin (Queen's Club). | 10th Ash Wednesday.<br>Show. Cruik's Dog Show (Royal Agricultural Hall).<br>Racing. Windsor.<br>Coursing. Waterloo Cup (Allcar); Yeovil and Sherborne.  |
| 2nd Racing. Leicester.<br>Coursing. Swaffham and Huntingdon.  | 11th Show. Cruik's Dog Show (Royal Agricultural Hall).<br>Racing. Windsor.<br>Coursing. Waterloo Cup (Allcar).  |
| 3rd Racing. Sandown Park<br>Coursing. Driffield and Colswold.   | 12th Racing. Hurst Park and Haydock Park.<br>Coursing. Waterloo Cup (Allcar).   |
| 4th Racing. Sandown Park<br>Badminton. Irish Championships (Dublin).<br>Coursing. Colswold and Attingham.   | 13th Football. 5th round, F.A. Cup.<br>Rugby. Ireland v England (Dublin).<br>R.N. v R.A.F. (Twickenham).<br>Motoring. Colmore Cup Trial (Sutton Coldfield).<br>Hockey. Oxford U. v Cambridge U. (Beckenham).<br>Athletics. North and South of Thames Cross-Country Championships. |
| 5th Racing. Lingfield Park.<br>Badminton. Irish Championships (Dublin).   | Racing. Hurst Park and Haydock Park.  |
| 6th Rugby. Scotland v Wales (Edinburgh).<br>Badminton. Irish Championships (Dublin).<br>Racing. Lingfield Park and Leopardstown.<br>Coursing. Alresford.            | 15th Racing. Birmingham and Chelmsford.   |
| 8th Racing. Nottingham and Plumpton.  |   |
| 9th Shrove Tuesday.<br>Racing. Nottingham.  |   |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.





## PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "fabretache"

### WITH THE BELVOIR ON THEIR THREE QUEENS DAY

Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Lockett, late 11th Hussars, and a brother of Lt.-Col. Vivian Lockett, the polo celebrity, with (left to right) the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Colquhoun, and Lady Anglesey's five children; the Earl of Uxbridge (the little boy), Lady Alexandra and Lady Elizabeth Paget (the two elder girls), Lady Veronica (the twin sister of Lord Uxbridge), and one of the other two daughters

A FRIEND of mine (on paper) and of this paper's, who writes from a place called Kamloops in British Columbia—asks why Canada has never advanced where polo is concerned or tried to make any attack upon America. I am afraid that, personally, I do not know enough about the present-day conditions in Canada, because I have not been there since I was about nine years old, and I know nothing whatever about the polo possibilities or aspirations of the people in that great Dominion; but taking it by and large, I can well believe that these possibilities must exist. Soil and climate have such a lot to say as to the kind of thing that is bred—human or animal. It's all a question of the phosphates, and if Canada cannot breed the right kind of cove and the right kind of steed—then search me for some place that can. Also from what I remember—and early impressions do stamp themselves in so deeply—the Montrealeers were full of the right spirit: that is to say, where horseback-riding and fox-hunting are concerned. The first really bad bumper I ever saw was in the Fall season of the Montreal Hunt—*i.e.*, before things froze clean up. Someone took it over a stone wall; horse put a hoof on his head getting up, and cut him about badly. I was out on a pony *avec* riding master. My father and mother took the casualty, one Edmonstone Esdail, back in their "fly" or flea-box; and from that moment began a friendship which (to me) made Montreal and Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, Buffalo, and some other places I can't remember, a fair-land that winter and in the spring, because we were sort of handed on everywhere and saw the Falls twice, once before they were frozen and once when they were. It is difficult to forget either occasion. Of course, it was nuts for a boy, because on the Canadian side in those days they had a

museum full of "Injun" relics, and a Fenimore Cooper atmosphere hung over it all, enhanced by the fact that there was a huge mound or tumulus which (so they told that gaping-with-wonder nine-year-old boy), was the grave of several hundred Redskins, who had had the worst of the deal when on a scalp-hunting expedition. I wonder if those things are still there for the delectation of the modern tourist. I'd like someone who lives round and about Niagara to write and tell me. Charlie Cunningham of Grand Nash fame was on the old (then new) Cunarder in which we went

out—her name was the *Samaria*, and I thought, of course, that she was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen—the first ship before her having been the packet that took us from Holyhead to Kingstown. However, that's my recollection of Canada, a great place for sport, skating, tobogganing, and the loveliest apples I have ever eaten, and if they cannot hit up something in the way of a polo or any other kind of team, I cannot understand why.

\* \* \*



A COTTESMORE SNAP: MAJOR JACK HARRISON, LADY SEFTON AND A. N. OTHER;

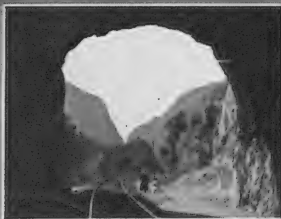
On the day these hounds met at Oxhey Farm, Leicestershire. Lady Sefton is Lord Sefton's mother, and he is Field Master of the Cottesmore. Major J. H. Harrison is as good a man over the grass as he is on a polo ground, which is saying a mouthful

The correspondent who has written saying that he thinks all parts of the British Empire should be open to recruitment for our next International polo team, instances what that Australian Goulburn team, made up of the Ashton Brothers, showed us, and he says that the Mother Country is far too parochial. It is very kind of him to except the Editor of *The Tatler* and the writer of this particular and quite unimportant part of it. He inveighs against the creature he calls—quite justly—"the parochial pip-squeak," by which he says he means the society paragraphist who magnifies the doings of his kind so prodigiously that it might be imagined that they were of International import. Hear! Hear! sez me.



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BESSIE JACKSON IN VIENNA

A beautiful young American revue actress who has made a hit in Vienna, where the audiences are not the easiest ones in the world to capture

AN English actor in Hollywood was cast for the part of a Peer in a "talkie" film. The producer complained that he didn't drop his "h's."

"But I'm supposed to be acting the part of an educated English gentleman," he objected.

"I know," countered the producer; "but all Englishmen drop their 'h's', don't they?"

The actor assured him most emphatically that they did not.

"Oh well, nevermind," said the producer, "you gotter drop 'em. The guys expect it here."

A public-school boy was just on the point of starting his business career, and his prospective employer was putting him through his paces. The results were not startlingly good, as the boy seemed to know very little about business terms, and finally the business man asked what the familiar contraction "E. and O.E." meant.

The boy thought for a moment, and then said, with great confidence:

"Oh, that means 'Eton *versus* Old Etonians.'"

In the course of an auction sale, the business was interrupted by a whispered conversation between the auctioneer and one of the prospective bidders. At the conclusion the master of ceremonies announced:

"A gentlemen present tells me that since proceedings started in this room he has lost a wallet containing five hundred pounds. He authorizes me to state that he offers a reward of fifty pounds for its return."

There was a short silence, and then a Jewish member of the crowd nodded his head to the auctioneer and said: "Sixty."

The Guards recently received as a recruit a young man of education and culture who had failed to make good in other vocations. On his first day on the parade-ground he was utterly exhausted by several hours of marching up and down.

"Stand at ease!" ordered the officer at last.

"How wonderful is death!" muttered the recruit.

The officer turned like a flash. "Who said that?" he demanded.

The culprit smiled wanly as he replied: "Shelley, I believe, Sir."

## Bubble and Squeak

"Oh, Señorita, to-night I will stand beneath your window and sing you a sweet serenade," breathed the ardent lover.

"Do, and I will drop you a flower," said the adored one tenderly.

"In love?" he asked eagerly.

"No, in a pot," replied the damsel firmly.

\* \* \*

The baby was being displayed to admiring callers.

"Dear me!" exclaimed one visitor. "How much he looks like his father!"

"Oh, that's only because he's not feeling very well," replied the young mother. "As a rule, he's quite cheerful-looking."

\* \* \*

The visitor was badly off his driving, and had his caddie hunting in the rough after almost every shot. Finally, after three balls had been lost, he lost his temper as well, and exclaimed: "I thought you came out here to look for the balls!"

"Aye," retorted the caddie, "did ye that? Well, nae doot we've baith made a mistak', for I thocht you cam' oot tae play gowf!"



Stage Photo Co.

IN "WALTZES FROM VIENNA": BORGHILD BODOM

Borghild Bodom is the lovely young Norwegian prima donna who is one of the three leading ladies in that booming success, "Waltzes from Vienna," now nearing its 300th performance. Evelyn Herbert was in the lead at the evening shows and Adrienne Brune and Borghild Bodom playing at alternate matinees, but Borghild Bodom now plays the lead at every evening performance. Borghild Bodom has been styled "The Norwegian Nightingale," for a reason which will be obvious to everyone who has heard her beautiful voice. This musical show at the Alhambra is one of the real winners of the winter season





Specially drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

## Famous Beauties in Repose Cleopatra

CLEOPATRA the magnificent—Egypt's enchanting queen. That she was radiantly beautiful we know—that she was gloriously healthy we can guess—that she enjoyed sound, restful sleep we can be certain. For beauty and health are inseparable and without regular sleep both are impossible.

To-day it is much more difficult to make sure of enjoying sound sleep every night when nerves are frayed and overstrained by present-day conditions of life and work.

That is why "Ovaltine" is relied upon to such a large and ever-increasing extent as a "night-cap." This delicious beverage stands supreme as the most certain way of soothing and calming the nerves so that refreshing sleep may quickly follow.

"Ovaltine" is made by an exclusive process from Nature's best restorative foods—fresh creamy milk, malt extract, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms.

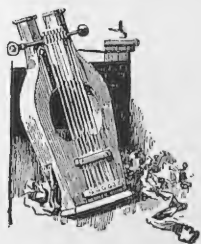
Take a cup of "Ovaltine" every night at bedtime. You will sleep soundly and wake with renewed strength and vitality. During the hours of sleep the rich nourishment "Ovaltine" contains will quickly pass to the worn tissues—healing and restoring.

Remember, there is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing to equal it and nothing "just as good."

# OVALTINE

*Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep*

Reduced prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3



# Petrol Vapour

What about it?

THE Monte Carlo affair being a thing of the past, attention may now properly be directed to the home-grown product, namely the Royal Automobile Club's Rally in which the destination (which could hardly have been better chosen) is Torquay. The fixture occupies the period of March 1 to 5, and it goes without saying that it will be irreproachably organized. The wonder is that a big-scale event of this kind, which is sure to attract a host of entries, has never been held before; there is every indication, however, that now that we have got one at last it will break all records. The cars are divided into two classes, those up to 1,100 cc and those over. The former will be required to average 22 m.p.h. including all stops for rest and refreshment, whilst the latter have to do their 25 m.p.h.—which is a great deal more strenuous than it may sound, since from the nine permissible starting points approximately 1,000 miles have to be covered ere you reach the Devon coast. These starting points are as follows: London, Bath, Norwich, Leamington, Buxton, Harrogate, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Edinburgh. I nearly wrote "Brighton, Cincinnati, and Nijni Novgorod"—for it has quite the lilt of "Uncle Joseph's" immortal list. Which way you elect to go is to a certain extent in your own hands. But whensoever you push off on your long trek you have to clock-in at certain specified checks. Thus if Bath be your kicking-off spot you have got, within definite time limits, to pass through Norwich, Kendal, Droitch, and Eastbourne, so that you will see quite a nice little bit of England. Also you are likely to spend a few pleasant hours worrying out your best intermediate routes on the map. Probably you will select one that gives you a chance to go like blazes and put up such a good average speed that you can afford time for a long dinner and a decent nap. Or you can cut the sleep down to almost nothing, feed upon portable provender, and take it proportionately easy. Most of the controls are open for several hours—the farther from Torquay the longer the time—but at Torquay itself only three hours' latitude is allowed. So, considering all the unexpected delays and what-nots that in this sort of thing are always to be expected, you have to keep pretty tight to a schedule. Except that you must not drive at such a speed that the police get after you, the rules are elastic enough, for if you get ditched or snow-bound you may get external assistance without losing any marks. *Per contra*, you must by no means commit any sort of crashery, for even a broken lamp glass will involve you in penalisation, whilst if you break a spring you will lose quite a lot. Having arrived at Torquay you will put your car into the official depot, and you will not be able to do anything to it until after you have gone through the Flexibility and Breaking test. In this figure 100 yards of slow running on top gear, with the foot strictly and observedly off the clutch and break pedals, 100 yards of acceleration, and ten yards for pulling up in. This includes the active part of the Rally, for which there is a fine lot of prizes, including a Ladies' Prize and a Team Prize, and special prizes for starters from each control—and even if



WITH THE BELVOIR: MRS. J. B. NORTON

Out with the Belvoir at Stutton a bit ago. Captain J. B. Norton, 14/20 Hussars, is adjutant of the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry

HOWARD GARRETT

selves, they both of them own just ordinary standard saloons, and I can assure you I would have described them equally as "normal" motorists. Just shows you, doesn't it? And if it is a problem to decide what constitutes "elegance," it is very nearly as hard to be didactic about "comfort," for in this matter many's the time I've known one man utterly condemn what another has loudly praised. So it follows that *all* the entrants cannot be uniformly pleased with the upshot, but on one thing they can safely back, and that is the absolutely fair and unbiased treatment for which the R.A.C. is justly famous.

## Very Fine Stuff.

I have just been trying out the paces of the Twelve-Six Austin latest edition, that is, with the "twin-top" four-speed gear. This refinement—one cannot really call it a necessity on a vehicle that willingly does nearly all its work on high—is an eminent added attraction to an already fascinating car. And be it remarked that, although the phrase "silent third" is not applied to this gear-box, it is a great deal more deserving thereof than most of its kind, for it is under all conditions remarkably quiet. 'I may be wrong about this, but I fancy Sir Herbert has contrived to get a few more horses out of this dear little 1½ litre unit, whilst still keeping it so retiring that it is only a very little more heard than seen. Most especially do I like its positive refusal to become in the least fussy even when driven all out. One ought not to be brutal to a motor that has only a couple of hundred miles to its credit, but the thing tempts one to give the gas plentifully. Thus over my give-and-take test route I averaged 40 m.p.h. and hit up 55 m.p.h. on the straight against the clock. That means, if the Austin power plant obeys the usual rules, that after a thousand miles or so it will easily do its mile a minute—which, by the way, very few of this class will—when you put the clock on them. Altogether a very fine piece of British engineering.



Miss Compton Collier

LADY DANCE

A recent portrait of the wife of Sir George Dance, the well-known dramatic author and director of theatres. Sir George Dance wrote "Ma Mie Rosette," "The Nautch Girl," "A Modern Don Quixote," "The Lady Slavey," "The Chinese Honeymoon," etc. He is a Nottingham man and was knighted in 1923

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

● Not a throb, not a murmur as it passes; not a sound as it sweeps gracefully by. Where is a silence to match this silence, a smoothness to compare with this phantom glide? For the Rolls Royce is an engineering masterpiece whose equal has yet to be. There has been no wavering in its supremacy, no varying in its quality. And by using and recommending **Castrol**, Rolls Royce Ltd. have carried through to the end their rigid, triumphant policy—"only the best is good enough."

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# A Day with the Island Hunt

Illustrated by  
SNAFFLES

By M. J. FARRELL

Snaffles

"... Ireland's first artist in the buying and selling of horseflesh ..."

**W**EXFORD is the real paradise for those foxhunters who want the blood and bones of the thing; those bred to love sport rather than to follow fashion.

A rare, wild sort of country. Hardly a strand of wire. Not a great deal of plough, and what there is rides light. Tarmac nearly unknown. The obstacles? Principally high narrow banks, faced up with stones. And we don't mind admitting, it takes a real good 'un to reach the top of some of these. You don't want a horse that makes fun of his fences. You want him to take them seriously. The brightest equine star in County Wexford is an old cocktailed brown horse with a big knee and a wise eye. He loves jumping, jumping is his delight, and he'll go and stay. That's the sort you want.

And the coverts? Strong gorse growing in disconnected patches down the length of a bog. Hounds must draw the last bush in a covert—so fatally easy it is to draw over a fox lying up in one of those dry, secret ledges they love. Wexford carries for the most part a good holding sort of scent, but with the draw-back of too frequent coverts you need extra drive to catch a fox. You'd swear, for Wexford, hounds must be much smaller than the Peterboro' standard. A little active hound you want for this enclosed country. How many scores of times in a hunt do hounds have to bore through and creep over a fence which the little active hound can do while the big, heavily-built hound will be left in the ditch? Now look at old Warrior, as unlike the Peterboro' type as he well can be, with very nearly hare-feet and light bone. But he looks like galloping all over. He goes into the thick stuff too like a hero. His voice in covert means the real thing—worth a guinea a box it is—and he'll hunt and catch hold of a fox by himself. . . . But why talk? All time is surely lost w'ot is not spent in 'unting.

Were you ever out at a Patrick's Day meet of the Island hounds? Well, I thought not. A typical March hunting day it is, there's a bright sun in the sky, and dust blowing up off the plough. No smell, you may swear if you like, but wait. What wind there is from the east.

A mixed gathering of regular members of the hunt, and Patrick's Day holiday-makers (these last mounted on horses seemingly of two ages only, three or twenty-three years old) jog down the single village street as hounds move off

to their first draw. There's the Master with a varminty old farmer riding up alongside him full of fox news. There's a girl with blue eyes and a blue habit, and a very efficient way with her over-fresh cob. An obvious young gunner, home on leave, wearing super-extra rat-catcher, is having a rough time with his hireling, and Ireland's first artist in the buying and selling of horseflesh has a keen eye out for a hidden star among the holiday throng.

"Where a crow can go, he can go," a youth on a great, raking, raw-boned chestnut answers an inquiry as to his horse's jumping powers, "and b'God ye'd kill three men gallopin' this horse before ye'd tire him. . . . Well, now," he said a little later, after a school over a bank where his mount singularly failed to fulfil that boasted prowess, "this haars'd make a liar o' Saint Paul!"

Knockrobbin bog, the first draw, proves blank, but half a mile on, Swaine's Marlhole (strong growing gorse on the sunny side of a steep little hill) holds one of the right breed.

"Yip—Garn-Awii—Awii—Awii!"

And how many of us get the right shock of courage that the view of a good fox stealing determinedly out of covert gives one? Slipping across the corner of a field, he doesn't seem to hurry, but for all that he is out of sight in a breath. And the knowledge that the Patrick's Day whiskey is still quick in many of his field lends a frenzied liveliness to the doubled notes on the huntsman's horn. He knows how little room his hounds will be given until that spurious courage dies. As well it dies so easy.

A minute's tense wait as his hounds come to him, straining through the strong gorse. Another minute and they are dropping off the fence out of the covert. Old Warrior (in the lead as always), Actress, Tell-Tale, Acrobat, Sampler (best of the young hounds), and fifteen couples more—real stout fox-catchers—have it now.

"Steady, now! Steady, please! For God's sake give hounds a chance."

Hear old Tarquin's deep note and young Sampler throw his tongue in ecstasy as they stoop to the line before they drive out across the first field: God's own most chosen gallantry—a right pack of hounds! Into Knockrobbin again, and after a turn round the covert they have their fox away up wind. It's

(Continued on p. iv)



"... this haars'd make a liar o' Saint Paul!"

# SPRING FABRICS

number of

# V O G U E

However much you pay, your clothes can be no smarter than their materials: and whether you're going to make your spring frocks with Vogue Patterns or buy them from your favourite shop, you must know the fabric mode.

That is, if you want to make every penny count—and who doesn't, nowadays?

Study the Spring Fabrics number of Vogue, and you'll know the colours and weaves which will have a long fashion life, the textures which will give you real service. Then every guinea you spend will do the work of two or three, or more.

Besides the actual materials, this issue of Vogue pictures the types of clothes in which to use the spring woollens and jerseys, the evening dresses for the newest orchid shades. It also shows original uses of fabrics for the house.

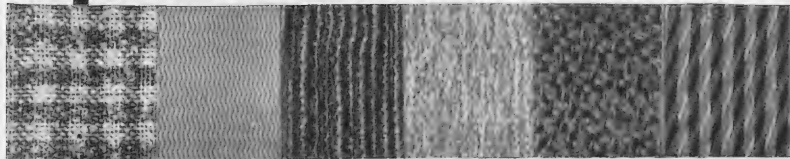
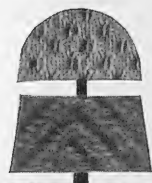
Then there is the chic plaited scarf—clothes with "Lightning" fasteners, for these hurried times—new shoe styles, from toeless sandals to golf brogues—

ideas on the latest ways to entertain—original table decorations—and these

## SPECIAL "LIMITED INCOME" FEATURES

Vogue's Fashion Formula for the Stout Woman • "The Bargain of the Fortnight," this time a 2-piece suit • Inexpensive blouses • A bride's trousseau and bridesmaid's frocks for a typical 1932 bank balance • Moderate-priced beauty treatments for the not-so-young • Types of dresses for a 4/11 material • Bedjackets to make at home • And the now-more-than-ever-essential Vogue Pattern designs

ON SALE NOW  
ONE SHILLING





DEFEATS DON'T MATTER

Miss Wanda Morgan was beaten, 4 and 2 the other day by Francis McGloin, runner-up in the Boys' Championship, on level terms over thirty-six holes. What really counts is, can she win at Saunton in May?

At last that appalling void in my golfing education, to which I confessed a few weeks ago, has been filled up. I have seen Saunton. I came, I saw, I was conquered, captivated entirely. I sometimes think that if an evil fairy were to give one the choice of playing all one's golf for the rest of one's existence on one course and one only, or on half a dozen others of inferior merit, one would choose the one, provided it were the right one. There are, perhaps, only a dozen or so courses which would induce me to choose the one, but into that dozen I should unhesitatingly place Saunton. For one thing, I have a notion that the more often you played some of the holes, notably those which have a guileless air of simplicity, the more often you would come to grief there.

If it is true that no sport is satisfying without a certain element of danger, so it is certain that no hole pleases a golfer for long unless there are risks to be run. At Saunton there are plenty. Fate there may not deal you quite the bludgeoning blows which I had imagined; you are not led away into those big bare sandhills which separate the course from the sea, and though there are plenty of high carries over tumbled wastes of sand and bent, I do not somehow fancy that those are the places which will run up alarming totals on the cards of the best players when they tackle this qualifying business in May. I fancy rather that it will be an inability to make themselves give the shots up to the hole quite enough, because so often there is deceptive ground without much in the way of spectacular bunkers to show you how far off the green lurks. Also, if the wind is high (and the prevailing wind is West with a touch of North, so that it comes raging at you across the Atlantic), then those small Saunton greens will be very hard to find with a long shot, and not very much easier to stay on with the little mashie niblick chips, which will be one of the most essential shots for a would-be champion. Saunton destroys a card by subtle means.

There are only fourteen artificial bunkers in the whole eighteen holes, yet no pro, or amateur has ever invaded the 60's and the amateur record stands at 75, the scratch score at 77. The powers that be have at present designs on the back tees for the hapless women in May; the club, knowing its winds better, is not omitting to keep a few slightly less exacting in perfect condition in case hard hearts should relent when the time arrives and the gales rage. Saunton is going to be quite a desperate enough test without asking women to slog their hearts out all the way round from tees which extract 75 shots from the best men.

There is perhaps nothing quite so dull or so futile in all golfing journalism as a course described hole by hole,

## EVE AT GOLF

Saunton

By ELEANOR E. HELME

particularly so when it is not a course at all (James Braid threw up his hands in horror at somebody's use of the word) but "links," the real, natural, seaside article, where a hole needing only a drive and a mashie in the morning suddenly becomes a drive and a full brassie shot by a change of wind in the afternoon. Seaside Saunton certainly is; the greens are of that really fine wiry turf whereon the wise golfer rolls the ball and does not hit it; the problems are seaside problems and, like all other best seaside links, flattery is a word unknown. There is no scrambling up to the hole at Saunton, not because immediate sandy punishments await you but because there are a hundred subtle slopes which will lead the ball away from the pin. At the third, for instance, every instinct of your eye tells you that your shot will come in from right to left when it reaches the green, but in actual practice the ball will almost invariably trickle off the green on the right and only nestle down comfortably by the hole if you play determinedly to the left.

There are a certain number of real Westward Ho! holes flanked with giant rushes. There are four short holes if one includes the long-short first, all entirely different, and one can fancy spending a very pleasant hour sitting above the 17th watching players ludicrously short from the tee. When one is tired of that amusement what an arena the 18th makes with the big sandhills all round it, and an entirely fascinating second shot played from the heights down into the valley.

Undoubtedly we shall enjoy ourselves at Saunton, no matter how soon we make exit from the championship. The club are certainly determined that the impressions taken away shall be of pleasant hospitality as well as truly first-class golf. All the lady members are vacating their lockers, the men are giving up their usually sacred smoking-room, the links are being groomed and cosseted like any favourite for the Derby.

What will the Americans make of it? That is at the back of every mind. Will even "hard-hitting Helen"

be over the 4th in two stupendous shots, with no wind to help her, like Miss Wethered was last Spring, when she was past the pin and up the bank beyond in two glorious beats, whilst Sir Ernest Holderness and Mr. Tolley failed to reach the green? Is there any hope that Miss Wethered, who thoroughly appreciates Saunton, will come there to compete? Is she going to take her place in the match against them which is now definitely announced to be played at Wentworth on Saturday, May 21? These are interesting queries.



GREAT BRITAIN IS TO PLAY  
U.S.A. AT WENTWORTH.  
MAY 21

No doubt Union Jack complete with Miss Garnham will be in evidence



MRS. R. J. MCNAIR AND  
MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Saunton and Miss Wethered have a great mutual admiration for each other



# ROVERS PRESENT AN ADDITIONAL MODEL

BETTER  
BODIES!  
HAND MADE

BETTER  
BRAKES!  
BETTER  
PERFORMANCE

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BETTER!  
BETTER!

# ROVER

When you buy Rover, you are buying ahead. Rover is always ahead. Hence the reason for introducing improved models now. They ensure that buyers of Rover cars get the immediate benefit of all the latest advancements in design and construction. For these latest Rovers incorporate features and advantages which all will appreciate and none can afford to ignore.



## 10/25 h.p. Rover de Luxe

Based on the world-renowned 10/25 h.p. Rover, this new de Luxe model is fitted with a 4-speed gear-box, petrol tank at rear with Autovac feed, and hand-made coachwork to ensure silent riding. The finish is of an exceptionally high standard, and the upholstery is of furniture hide. The equipment provides every modern convenience and facility. The result of these and other features is a car of outstanding beauty and performance, giving full accommodation and comfort for four of the largest adults . . . 50 to 60 m.p.h. . . . quality build and finish throughout. Yet the tax is only £10, the petrol consumption 32 to 36 m.p.g., and the price **£225**

## AND AN IMPROVED PILOT



Incorporating numerous important improvements, this 6-cyl. Pilot is a car of exceptional qualities. By ingenious design, flashing new acceleration and ultra powerful Servo-assisted braking have been introduced. Like the 10/25 h.p. de Luxe, it has Rovers' new hand-made coachwork . . . handsome, strong and silent; and Rovers' new 100 per cent. finish. It retains its remarkable silky silence . . . its 60 m.p.h. and more . . . its 27 to 30 m.p.g. . . . its generous sweeping lines and silent speed. Result, quite the most remarkable car of its type ever made, and the prices of the Coachbuilt and Weymann Saloons and Sports Coupé are only **£245**

### OTHER ROVER MODELS AND PRICES:

10/25 h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon (Standard model, now fitted with tank at rear, etc.), (4-speed gear, £6 extra)	<b>£189</b>
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See these new Models at any Rover Dealers or write direct to:

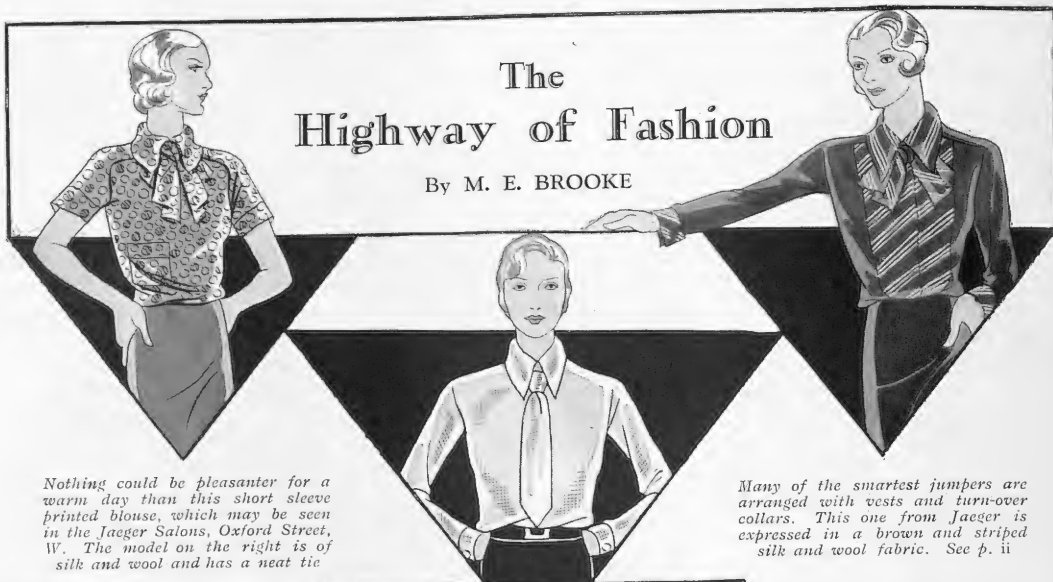
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## Built from the first, to LAST

THE ROVER  
CO., LTD.,  
COVENTRY

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Nothing could be pleasanter for a warm day than this short sleeve printed blouse, which may be seen in the Jaeger Salons, Oxford Street, W. The model on the right is of silk and wool and has a neat tie

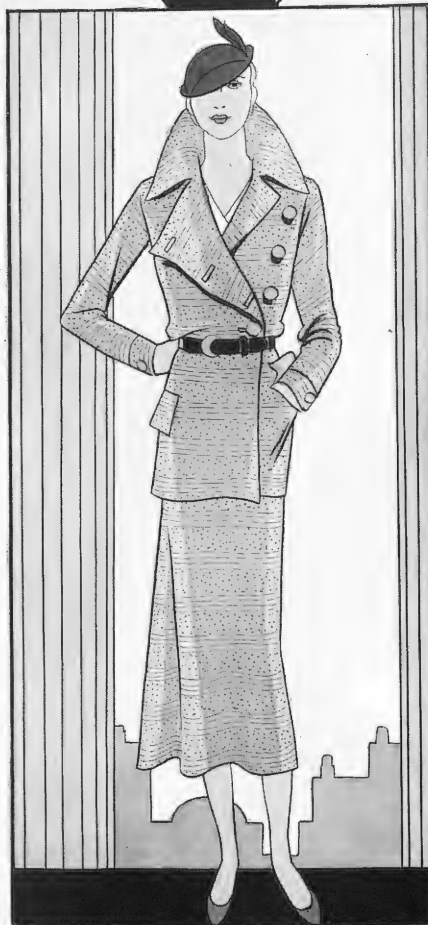
Many of the smartest jumpers are arranged with vests and turn-over collars. This one from Jaeger is expressed in a brown and striped silk and wool fabric. See p. ii

## Women are Wearing Coat Frocks.

**A**LREADY the Spring flowers are seen in the streets, the barrows being laden with daffodils and tulips, mixed with mimosa, while the florists' shops are masses of gorgeous colours, and women, now that the sales are over, are contemplating their Spring wardrobes. They are looking with favour on the coat frock, or redingote as it is sometimes called, as it is an admirable background for silver fox and other stoles. Lady Hawke is wearing one expressed in a new black silk; it is faintly lined, and the skirt is arranged with quite flat folds, while the neckline is finished with a white silk rabat cravat and neat cuffs. Lady Oddy is among those who are frequently seen in black; she recently wore an affair of black marocain, in which were united the most becoming features of an afternoon dress, and a coat frock, the corsage crossed over and tied at one side; there was a cleverly-pleated Patou pink vest, touches of the same appearing on the sleeves; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the sleeves were long and tight-fitting.

## Geranium-Pink and Gooseberry-Green.

**I**t is almost impossible to bestow an appropriate name on the new green; it seems to me that it resembles a nearly ripe gooseberry more than anything else. Lady Duff Gordon recently appeared in a broché velvet evening dress of this particular shade; it was arranged on classical lines and suited her to perfection, the scheme being completed with a short coat, the sleeves trimmed with fox. Lady Greenwood is wearing a lovely evening ensemble of soft geranium-pink silk that is almost a crêpe de chine. Spider-web pleating is introduced at the back and front of the corsage, the skirt is draped,



the Empire coat being enriched with fur of an illusive dry sand nuance.

## According to Her Figure.

**I**t is useless to spend money on frocks and wraps unless the figure be properly corseted, or as some prefer to say unless the foundation garment be perfect; the figure must be moulded and supported without the least hint of compression, indeed the work of the corset is to correct Nature's carelessness, and it may be women's neglect. Marian Jacks, 30, Old Bond Street, is a corset expert; the importance of the work she has done during the past decade cannot be overestimated. She has great sympathy with women, especially the younger ones who have had minor as well as major operations. They need support, otherwise the subsequent "ache" that is so often present and never discussed "drags" them down; this "drag" at first may be almost unnoticeable, presently the abdomen becomes ever so slightly distended, followed by a dull pain in the nape of the neck and sagging insteps. These troubles may be overcome in a highly satisfactory manner by consulting and following the advice of this great *corsetière*; it is quite simple. This is an untechnical description of a trouble from which many women are suffering; it is the aftermath of an operation. Marian Jacks' specialities have passed the censorship of many eminent surgeons of the day.

*It would be impossible to find a smarter country suit than this one from Jaeger's carried out in tweed. The coat is of great interest. See p. ii*

## Corrective Corsets.

**M**arian Jacks also declares that women who want to get the most out of life: must "stand tall" and "think tall" and

(Continued on p. ii)

# Dingy, Yellow Teeth are NOT Natural



**You will see proof  
in 3 days  
—teeth 3 shades whiter!**

**N**OW don't be misled into believing that yellow, ugly looking teeth are your bad luck simply because daily brushing does not make them white and keep them sound.

Dingy, off-colour, unclean teeth are NOT natural! If you want proof start using this new scientific technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Overnight you will agree you were wrong. And in 3 days your teeth will be much whiter—at least 3 shades whiter.

## Double-Action, Double Results

There is nothing in the world that cleans teeth better than Kolynos. There is no preparation quite like it. It is unique. It contains two important ingredients. One—the finest cleansing agent known—literally foams over teeth and gums and into every crevice.

It washes away debris, erases tartar and removes stain. At the same time the second ingredient strikes at the source of most tooth and gum troubles. It kills millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause discoloration, decay and gum diseases. (In tests Kolynos killed 190 million germs in 15 seconds, protected the mouth for 3 full hours.)

In this way Kolynos easily and quickly cleans teeth right down to the beautiful natural white enamel without injury. It stimulates lazy gums and refreshes the entire mouth.

No! Dingy, yellow teeth are NOT natural. Prove it. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. In just 3 days you will see that anyone can have clean, attractive teeth. Buy a tube of this highly concentrated dental cream to-day.

# KOLYNOS

*the antiseptic Dental Cream.*  
**MADE IN ENGLAND**

Germs invade through mouth and nose. But Liquid Kolynos is a sure safeguard. Use it as a mouth-wash, gargle, and spray for the nose. About 15 drops in half a glassful of water form a soothing disinfectant which kills all germs, strengthens sensitive membranes, clears the nose and throat and removes stuffiness. Get the sprinker flask to-day, 1/9 of all chemists, or post free from Kolynos (Dept. L.C.36), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

**IT'S GOOD  
TO GARGLE**



**E. 754.**—Very attractive coarse **Straw Hat** trimmed at side with ciré and angel ribbon. In beautiful colours.

Price  
**49/6**

*Exclusive Straws for West Indies*

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# Durward's

**D.B. POLO COAT  
FOR TRAVEL AND  
STEAMER WEAR**



**F**OR all travel wear the overcoat of pure Camel Hair has become an established mode. This fact is due without doubt to its light weight, warmth, and smart appearance. It is shown here in one of the styles most favoured, which is belted, and obtainable not only in the natural fawn shade, but in brown, grey and blue as well.

*Ready to wear or  
made to order.*

**9 Gns.**

*In Tweeds from 7 Gns.*

*Patterns and fully illustrated brochure willingly sent on application.*

**KENNETH DURWARD LTD.**  
**37 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.**



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

that no woman need suffer from the much-dreaded middle-age spread. She has evolved a new science by which in the majority of cases serious and minor defects may be eradicated, especially those that entail undervaluation of health and enjoyment of life. She considers that far too much attention is given to exercises for the arms and legs and that the trunk is neglected; she is convinced that the secret of a perfect figure is a perfect spine. She also specializes in belts for school-girls, as with their aid she is able slowly and carefully to correct the posture line of the body, thereby greatly improving the contour of the figure; this is only possible during the malleable period.

### The Loveliest of Garments.

And then Marian Jacks has the loveliest of foundation garments of lace and net; they are ideal for the trousseau—even these may be arranged to remould and correct minor troubles of the figure; and then there are the perfectly cut brassières and belts. Again, her maternity corsets are renowned for the poise they give the figure; it is too wide a subject to discuss in these columns, therefore she has written, in a simple and straightforward manner, a very interesting brochure entitled "Handling on the Lamp"; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. And as prices are of importance it must be mentioned that corrective corsets are from three guineas; those for difficult figures are naturally more; belts for girls are from 18s. 11d., and brassières from 5s. 11d.

### Throughout February.

It may be that the mild weather has accentuated what has been amusingly called the February "dress" hunger; all the sales are over, and a new mid-season dress is essential. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, therefore, are making a feature of 8½ guinea coat-frock dresses throughout February. They may be seen in the model department. The requirements of the younger as well as the older woman of dignified proportions have been considered. A graceful

model is expressed in black georgette with soft revers and a coffee-tinted lace vest. There are others with corsages of the cross-over character, with scalloped silk revers; they are long and narrow, some are finished with neat ties. There are evening dresses at equally moderate prices; naturally, the ensembles with silk frocks and long coats carried out in a wool fabric are rather more expensive.

### Something Entirely Different.

Jaeger, 352, Oxford Street, are introducing an entirely

blouse on the left; it is available in many colour schemes. The model on the right is likewise of a brown silk and wool fabric, the vest being striped. It is not only in blouses that this firm excel, but in tailored suits; the one illustrated is worthy of careful study, as the coat may be arranged in a variety of ways; if preferred it can be buttoned up to the neck, and although it is made of tweed the cost is merely eight guineas.

### Lace Vivenette.

Among the new materials which have aroused great enthusiasm is lace vivenette. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are showing some delightful pull-overs or jumpers and ensembles expressed in it. They will be found in the knit-wear department. It makes the skirt and coat of the ensemble pictured on this page, while the upper portion of the frock is of lace wool embroidered with a black sprig design; although particularly smart it will remain undated and is available for 15½ guineas. Naturally there is an infinitesimal variety of less expensive ensembles as well as dresses and cardigans. Many of the pull-overs are made of the new machine tambour wool, while some of them are reinforced with the boot-lace tie finished with a shaving brush tassel. The colour schemes



Models, Harvey Nichols.

Pictures by Blake

A particularly interesting collection of ensembles may be seen in the knit-wear department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, carried out in lace vivenette. This model is a study in black and white; the upper portion of the dress is of lace wool embroidered with a black sprig design

different type of blouse for the Spring; three find pictorial expression on p. 210, and the cost of each is 59s. 6d.; they are perfectly cut and tailored. The one in the centre, made of fancy check crêpe, has a turn-over collar, and is finished with a tie. A mixture of silk and wool is used for the printed short sleeve

include apple-green, cornflower-blue, geranium-pink, and a wondrous purple that needs a very special "make-up," when it is particularly becoming, and, of course, no one must leave this establishment without seeing the fashionable Spring hats; they are endowed with particularly kind lines and are ever so smart.

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FOX  
SKINS

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tweed, new  
tailored Coat,  
as sketch.

To order

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Remodelling of  
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Gown in  
British Mar-  
cain, frilling  
carried out in  
an entirely orig-  
inal manner.  
In black or  
colours.  
Made to order  
10½ gns.



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suits. Tail-  
ored Coat and  
Skirt as sketch.

To order

9½ gns.



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ladies' tailors and Court  
dressmakers fully employ-  
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year, special prices will be  
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their orders before  
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House of Debenhams has  
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for the exclusiveness and ele-  
gance of its fashions, and a model  
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THIS is an opportunity to  
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Models, made to order by  
Debenhams, at a decided advan-  
tage on the prices which will be  
current later, on the opening of  
the Season.

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TO ORDER

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PIECE OF CHINA.

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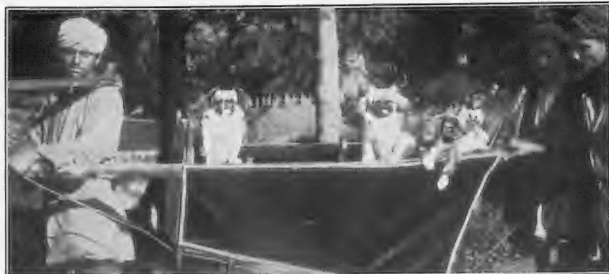
These notes appear a week before our general meeting. All members probably will go to Cruft's, and it is hoped that many will make a point of attending the meeting. Ordinary members do not realize how much it helps their committee if they will attend the meeting and take part in it. Anyone with any suggestion to make is specially welcome. The meeting is to be in the Members' Room at the Agricultural Hall at 10 a.m. on Thursday, February 11.

Mrs. Trelawny has several kennel-maids on her books. Anyone requiring one should communicate with her at the office, where full particulars can be had and interviews arranged.

Miss Gardner is one of the Irish wolfhound's most staunch admirers. She has only a few, so they are all kept as companions, and their characters allowed to develop, which makes so much difference. She sends a picture of Ethne of Coolafin and her family. Ethne is rather remarkable, as when in coat she is pure white; this is an unusual colour and, with her lovely dark eyes and shaded ears and tail, makes her very attractive. Some of the pups



CH. UTHUR PENARVON  
The property of Miss Bell



PEKINESE TRAVELLING IN INDIA  
Bred by Miss Heuston

look as if they would develop into the same colour. Miss Gardner has several of these for sale; also some a little older. She says: "The sires and dams of both these families are sweet and intelligent house-pets, closely related to several champions, and are themselves beautiful and typical show specimens." Miss Gardner has written a most interesting book on the Irish wolfhound, illustrated by wood-cuts of famous hounds cut by her and her sister. The book is a mine of information about the Irish wolfhound from its earliest days; but it will also appeal

American Greystones champion, very gratifying for Miss Heuston, but we shall all be pleased to see her back in the ring herself.

The rise of the mastiff has been one of the features in the doggy world of late years; there is now keen competition at all shows, and to win consistently in mastiffs is no easy task. Miss Bell sends a picture of Ch. Uther Penarvon, who won his third certificate at Birmingham, thus becoming a full champion at the age of two years and two months. He is the fourth champion bred by Miss Bell; Ch. Woden and Ch. Helga are still in her kennels, while Ch. Ursula, now owned by Mr. Thomas, won the bitch certificate at Birmingham.

Miss Bell thus breeding both certificate winners. Miss Bell has lately moved to Cranleigh and is always pleased to show her kennels to anyone interested in the breed.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



ETHNE OF COOLAFIN  
The property of Miss P. Gardner

## A Day with the Island Hunt—continued from p. 206

for Ballymore Hill he's pointing, and now the elect of the field show up a bit. The cunning and the cautious know of a better lane.

There's the Master and his whipper-in right with them, there's that blue girl sending her cob along into a high narrow one, a young farmer is riding with nice judgment wide on the left of hounds, and behind them the less ambitious of the field—those who would jump any fence only provided that someone else has had a go at it first—plug along.

A bank with a blind ditch on the landing side, another straight one (this stops a few), a cattle gap in the corner of a field (quick as a knife the blue girl has seen it), and hounds are momentarily checked crossing a narrow lane. Here the young farmer, jumping out before hounds are over the lane, receives a few kind words from the Master, and just as the road contingent casts up Actress has it again across the fence, and hounds are straining up the bracken-grown side of Ballymore Hill. No obstacles, but a bit of a test on wind and fitness this pull up; and from the top with that "I wonder-where-I-will-take-it" feeling a blown horse gives one, it is a pleasure not quite unmingled with anxiety to see hounds hunting steadily down the farther side. Not such a scent here, but still good enough to hunt a fox.

Over a couple of built-up stone walls and we're with them, and now on the grass they start to run on and take a bit of staying with. Through Rockspring, where scent (though not the going) improves again, they hunt on beautifully into Ballytracey. Never at fault, but they've righted themselves, driving on like wolves over the grass, stooping to it on the dry plough. Now their fox is turning and running short up the ditch sides, but they are never over his line by an inch, turning short with him every time. God send they don't change in Ballytracey bog.

Horses are tiring now. The blue girl is still marvelously here. But she takes hold of her cob and gives him a reminder, going into his fences now. So is the young gunner with a very dirty coat and a much

subdued hiring. He's had value for his two quid. And so, strangely enough, is that young horse who so lately made a liar of Saint Paul. Blind banks, high banks, and narrow banks, he has dealt with them all somehow. No wonder the world loves a Wexford horse. They learn their job in a hard school and they learn it young.

Short of Ballytracey bog, with a sudden hot sun in the sky, hounds throw up for the first time—a case for a cast. A wild holla on brings the Master galloping to where an old man with a grey beard flying round his head stands shouting on a fence.

"Did you see the fox?"

"I did, yer honour, I did! He came into the covert last night, now it might be ten o'clock an' his tail up over his back an' he roaring like a lion!"

For three things is the soul of a huntsman wrung: for a tired fox, for a failing scent, for the ways of a fool. But . . .

"There's a couple o' hounds hunting out this end o' the bog, Master," said the young farmer who had been chidden earlier in the chase.

Old Priestess and young Sampler are the couple on, and praying still it may not be a fresh fox, he puts the rest on to them. Now they're out of the bog and across the road. With the Harrow on their right and Tobergal on their left they are pointing over the hill towards Knocknaskeogh—right out of the day's draw and unstopped.

"Now blast all women!" he raps out as the blue girl puts her cob at the rotten bank out of the road. Room is all he asks—room for his hounds to hunt. And then, not two fields in front of them, he has a view of a little beaten fox going stiffly, stiltedly up the side of a fence. God bless old Priestess and Sampler too (best of young hounds). Now see them all drive out along the grass headland of a ploughed field, pour in a toppling wave over the lowest point in a blind fence (not so low but a stiff little fox had nearly fallen back as he topped it)—a silence and a growling in the ditch.

"Who-hoop. They have him!"

Which ends a good hunt with the death of a fox—and every hound on.



MISS NORMA SHEARER AND MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY  
in the film version of "Private Lives," which is to be presented at the Empire on Friday, February 5. It is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by Sydney Franklin. Mr. Reginald Denny is also in the cast



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## Who could tell I once suffered from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

NOW IT IS GONE FOR EVER

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India, I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body.

Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen a sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal

woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address: Frederica Hudson (Ent. 5713), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, W.1.

**THIS FREE COUPON** or copy of sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Ent. 5713), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

**IMPORTANT NOTE**—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



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MISS NANCY SHARPE

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Sharpe of Oak House, Hertford, who is engaged to Mr. John B. Healing of Essendon, Herts, the elder son of Dr. John Healing of Dunstable

## In the Summer.

The marriage is to take place in July at Toronto between Mr. Herbert Lavallin Puxley, the youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Harless Lavallin Puxley and Mrs. Lavallin Puxley of Avebury, Goring, and Miss Mary Robertson Sedgewick, the elder daughter of Mr. Justice Sedgewick and Mrs. Sedgewick of 14, Lonsdale Road, Toronto.

## Marrying Shortly.

On February 12,

Mr. Patrick Devlin and Miss Madeleine Oppenheimer are being married very quietly; Mr. Francis Augustine Borisow and Miss Patience Helen Mary Browne are being married quietly at St. Mary Boltons, South Kensington, on the 17th; the 19th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. J. A. Lawton-Goodman to Miss Agnes Weddell, and this also is to be a quiet wedding; and on March 3, Mr. E. W. Weatherby and Miss Ida Rosemary Stratton are being married at St. George's Church, Evenley, Northants.

## Recent Engagements.

Lieut.-Colonel M. L. S. Clements, late the King's Royal Rifle Corps, of Ashfield Lodge, Co. Cavan, and Miss Diana Lenox-Conyngham, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham of Springhill,

Co. Derry; Mr. D. A. Farquharson, 2nd Royal Garhwal Rifles, the only son of Mr. David A. Farquharson, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., D.P.H., and Mrs. Farquharson of Auckland House, Darjeeling, India,



Hay Wrightson

MISS ELIZABETH ELIOT

Who is engaged to Mr. Thomas James, the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Cuthbert James and of the Hon. Mrs. Cuthbert James, is the only daughter of the Hon. Montague and Mrs. Eliot

and Miss Margaret Limpenny, the elder daughter of Engineer Captain C. J. Limpenny, D.S.O., Royal Navy, and Mrs. Limpenny of 65, Warwick Road, S.W.; Wing-Commander Claude R. Cox, Royal Air Force, the eldest

son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cox of Buenos Aires, and Miss Tillita Law, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Law of Glasgow; Mr. Richard C. Prior-Wandesforde, the youngest son of Captain R. H. Prior-Wandesforde, D.L., and Mrs. Prior-Wandesforde of Castlecomer House, Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny, and Miss Doreen Hancock, the only daughter of the late Rev. MacDonell Hancock and Mrs. Vizard of The Rectory, Coln, St. Aldwyns, Cirencester, Glos.; Mr. Ronald West, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. West of Ewhurst Place, near Hawkhurst, Sussex, and Miss Margery Lister Clayton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clayton of Prawles, Ewhurst; Mr. Geoffrey Ridgway Peters, only son of the late Mr. R. A.

Peters of Berkhamsted, and of Mrs. Peters, and Miss Catherine Hawdon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Hawdon of Schenley, Berkhamsted; Lieut.-Commander Alec E. M. Dodington, Royal Navy, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Dodington and Mrs. Dodington of 29, Wetherby Mansions, S.W., and Miss Janet Morse, daughter of Major A. T. Morse, late Royal West Kent Regiment, and Mrs. Morse of Osmond House, Worthing.



Hassano

MISS FELICITY WARNER

The second daughter of Brig.-General W. W. and the Hon. Mrs. Warner of Burwell House, Cambridgeshire, and Whitehall Court, S.W., and granddaughter of Lord Berwick, who is to marry Major J. P. Robinson, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars



Photograph by "Sasha"

# Mr. Matheson Lang

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Colds may lead to influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, etc. They weaken the resistance of the system against other diseases and impair the normal, healthy functioning of the body. Yet the prevention of colds is so simple and the treatment— if applied in time—so effective and pleasant. A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief inhaled often during the day clears the breathing passages and destroys the cold germs before they enter the tissues. It stops a cold by going to the seat of the cold. It develops resistance by gently stimulating the respiratory system. And at night-time, put a drop of Vapex on each end of your pillow, and you'll have comfort and protection while you sleep.

*Of all Chemists 2/- and 3/-  
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# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Brooklands.

**A**ERODROME buildings give the modern architect a chance to show what he can do untrammelled by the conventions of older and duller ages. In the professional critic of art and architecture one too often sees "the glowing of such fire, as on the ashes of his youth doth lie"; not the *lumière* of Hugo but the glaucoma of ghosts. They constantly compare the present with the past, accepting the past as the standard whereby the present should be judged. Fortunately they cannot do so with aerodrome buildings; and there the architect of to-day gets an opportunity to be original without being abused for it.

Some extraordinarily successful designs have been produced, and none more successful than the new building at Brooklands which I had the opportunity of looking over the other day. It is "functional" in the highest degree, built with the strictest economy of shape to serve its real purpose. The control tower is in the centre and on either side spread the wings containing the lounge and restaurant. Large windows run along the entire lengths of the front walls of these two wings, and on their roofs railings can be raised into place so that people may sit out there in fine weather and watch the flying from a good vantage point.

The decorations are admirable. I particularly liked the severe, unpanelled doors and the "organ-pipe" electric light fittings in the main rooms. My only criticism is that the top frame of the French windows comes exactly at eye level for a man of about 5 ft. 10 in. and so produces a slightly unexpected blocking out of the view of the aerodrome.

Flighty Fleet Street.

**A**nother development at Brooklands has been the starting of a Press Aero Club, designed mainly for members of the editorial staffs of newspapers. The Brooklands School of Flying, working in co-operation with the track authorities, has offered attractive terms to Fleet Street

men who wish to learn to fly, and the subscription to the club carries with it membership of the Brooklands's Automobile Racing Club—in itself a notable concession.

I believe that the idea of this club originated with Mr. Courtenay of "The Daily Mail," while Captain Davis had much to do with enabling it to be formed. Captain Davis is not only one of the greatest flying instructors in the country, but he is also one of the best-liked personalities. With Mr. Percy Bradley he has succeeded in giving the flying side of Brooklands a distinctive character. Brooklands is unlike any other aerodrome, and for those who fly for the sake of flying, and who in addition possess a certain interest in high-speed motor-cars (and what pilot doesn't?) there is no aerodrome more delightful.



AIR SERVICE TRAINING

Group Captain Barton (on right), Commandant of Air Service Training, Ltd., the wonderful new flying school at Hamble. Next to him is Mr. McMinnies and on the left Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins, Chief Instructor

## Wireless for Private Owners.

**W**ireless has been the ally of aviation from the beginning, and now it has become indispensable on the regular air lines. For amateur flyers, also, it will one day be indispensable, and although when that day comes some of the pleasures of finding the way will have been taken away there will also have been a great increase in safety. A step towards that time has been made by Standard Telephones, Ltd., who have produced a neat and compact light aeroplane radio set.

It is a four-valve set with a range of about 100 miles, yet it measures, in its metal case, only 9½ in. by 4½ in. by 4½ in. and weighs only 4 lb. 10 ozs. without the batteries, or 19 lb. 8 oz. with them. At Heston the other day a demonstration was given of this set, and it was shown that the weather reports that are sent out some eight times a day could be received in the air clearly.

The head telephones are incorporated in the usual flying-helmet speaking-tube ear pieces, so that the pilot is not required to encumber himself with any additional accessories. It is usually when flying in from the provinces to London that weather reports become more than ordinarily useful, and for that purpose this set will do all that is required.

# GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY



The Hall-Mark of Quality.



● aged ● of rare  
mellowness ● subtle  
bouquet ● distinctive  
● by host ● by guests  
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any time,  
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For those temporary indispositions with attendant headaches and other pains Anti-Kamnia Tablets afford comforting relief. Prescribed by doctors the world over for nearly 40 years. They quickly banish pains of all kinds, also end insomnia and nervousness by promoting restful sleep. Chemists everywhere sell Anti-Kamnia Tablets in tins 1/3. Write for Free Sample: Anti-Kamnia (Dept. 16F), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

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**Always relieves pain**



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SMELLS  
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Wright's Coal Tar Soap has such an honest and refreshing smell. It does all you can ask of any soap—and a good deal more than most. It protects as well as cleanses; no germs can live where Wright's rich lather has been. Give it a trial! You'll like it well enough to use it always.

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COAL TAR  
SOAP**

British Made.

6d. per tablet.

# The Golden Road to Samarkand

A unique opportunity to visit the age-old cities of Central Asia, combined with visits to the lovely Crimean Riviera, the picturesque Caucasus, and other parts of the Soviet Union is offered by a special tour arranged by Intourist.

The tour will start at Constantinople on the 7th March, thence by Soviet steamer to Odessa, Sevastopol, Yalta, Novorossysk, Tuapse, Sochi, Gagra, Sukhum, Poti and Batum; from Batum via Tiflis and Baku to Krasnovodsk and thence by special train consisting entirely of sleeping cars, with restaurant car and refrigerator, to Ashkhabad, Bokhara, Samarkand, Tashkent, Lugovaya (where the new Turksib railway begins, linking Turkestan with Siberia), Alma Ata, and thence through Southern Siberia, via Novosibirsk, Omsk, Sverdlovsk to Moscow where the tour will end on the 10th April.

The cost from Constantinople to Moscow is £222 per person. Travellers may join either at Constantinople or Odessa; in the latter case Intourist will provide free rail travel from Shepetovka (Soviet-Polish frontier) to Odessa.

Further information may be obtained from

**INTOURIST, Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2**

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for a widow woman who, for many years, has supported herself by dress-making at various houses. Her husband was killed in an air raid, and she was left with an invalid son suffering from valvular disease of the heart. Up to quite lately this woman has kept herself and made a home for her son. She has been good at her trade, and has even altered a dress for a lady to wear at one of Their Majesties' Courts. Now she suffers from severe heart trouble and can no longer earn money. Her son has light part-time work at one of London's largest hospitals, but he is not strong enough to earn much, though he helps his mother very substantially in the home. She has her old age pension, but The Friends of the Poor want to ensure her an extra 5s. a week over these next six months, at any rate.



MR. JOHN E. PRICE—A "SINGER" CELEBRITY

Mr. John E. Price has just joined the Singer Company of Coventry, manufacturers of the famous Singer range of cars and one of the Big Three in the motor industry. Mr. Price, who is probably one of the most popular figures on the selling side of motoring, will be in charge of the sales organization of the company

Well illustrated catalogues are always interesting, and one has just been issued which is particularly worthy of attention. It has 156 pages and more than 170 illustrations and plans devoted to timber bungalows, pavilions, church buildings, club buildings, garages, stables, and portable buildings of all types as well as garden furniture, garden frames, etc. In it one can find just the type of building one wants clearly shown with all its advantages featured. In the cases of the bungalows and similar buildings the illustrations are accompanied by floor plans and full details. The prices in every case—based on present-day cost of production—show how reasonably one can

obtain the building one desires. A copy of this interesting and useful book will be sent post free to readers of this paper. Send a postcard to Browne and Lilly, Ltd., Thames Side, Reading.

In view of the considerable interest that has occurred and which during the next two months will be prevalent in the matter of Scottish winter sports, the Scottish Travel Association have opened an office in London at 34-36, Lower Regent Street, where information can be obtained by prospective visitors on matters relating to Scotland and the winter sports. This association is a National one under the Government and a non-profit-making concern.

The Palais de la Méditerranée at Nice has just issued a very amusing and attractive little brochure. It contains several illustrations of the hotel and also of the Hotel Majestic, Nice, which is under the same management. A copy of the brochure can be obtained free on application to either of the hotels.

On p. 202 of this issue we give a photograph of Miss Borghild Bodom, the charming prima donna who has made such an outstanding success in *Waltzes from Vienna* at the Alhambra. In addition to playing at every performance it should be noted that Miss Bodom will also appear at the Wednesday and Saturday matinées.



MISS FAITH SHIPWAY: THE GRAMOPHONE GIRL OF PARIS

The first English girl announcer is Miss Faith Shipway, who conducts the popular concerts of H.M.V. records from Radio Paris on Sunday afternoons from three to four o'clock. Miss Shipway lives in Paris and had never spoken before a microphone until she announced the H.M.V. records



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Sheltered Walks  
Special Winter Triffs  
18 Hole Golf Course

Guide (1/6d. stamp) from Box 16, Town Clerk, Exmouth, or to the "Come to Devon Association, 17, Bedford Circus, Exeter, or any branch. For Apartments, &c.: Information Bureau, Exmouth.

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## \*ASTROLOGY\*

Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years' world repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/- Birth date, stamped addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you. *Elroy Studios (T.R. 11), 37, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.* Innumerable unsolicited testimonials received.

## THE PROBLEM of CONSTIPATION

by a physician

The relief and cure of constipation is a problem which many scientific workers have tried to solve for years—but without success. All the old-fashioned purgatives depend upon one property—i.e., that of exciting the mucous membrane of the intestines to induce the bowel to throw off its load by force. The after-effect is a tired bowel, which requires the whip of ever-increasing doses in order to make it function at all. Constipation is most often due to lack of natural secretion, i.e., lubrication in the bowel. Liquid Paraffin was tried for this condition and gave promising results. Constipation is also due to the presence of toxins in the body-cells. Magnesia was found to destroy toxins. Attempted combinations of these two substances did not give the results anticipated.

Experiments were long continued to induce "team-work." At length complete success was achieved in the laboratories of The Musterole Fine Products Co., Ltd., giving the ideal aperient—one that acts by persuasion only. It is called Musterole Brand Magnesia-Oil. Both the Liquid Paraffin and the Magnesia were brought into intimate association through being rendered to a state of minute subdivision never before achieved. This achievement was at once approved by medical men, who have continued increasingly to prescribe Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) in numerous conditions with which they meet daily in their practice. It can be obtained at practically all chemists, Sole Distributors: THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4/12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

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Mothers and expectant mothers will find everything they require at Treasure Cot. Smart Maternity Wear, every requirement for the birth of Baby, Nursery Furniture and Children's Clothes are supplied at moderate prices. The following illustrations are typical of the many charming styles in Children's Clothes to be found in our Showrooms.



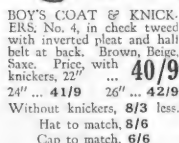
BOY'S COAT No. 1, in light-weight tweed with all-round belt. Fawn and Beige. 22" ... 17/6  
24" ... 18/6 26" ... 19/6  
Hat or Cap to match, 5/9



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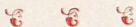
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